

FLORIN JAPANESE AMERICAN CITIZENS LEAGUE
Oral History Project
California Civil Liberties Public Education Program Grant

Oral History Interview

with

BEVERLEE HOWE FILLOY

January 24, 2000
February 24, 2000
Sacramento, California

By Joanne Iritani

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*Florin JACL Oral History Project
Japanese American Citizens League, Florin Chapter
California Civil Liberties Public Education Program Grant*

MISSION STATEMENT

To collect and preserve the historical record of the multigenerational experience of Japanese Americans and others who befriended them. The books produced will enhance the California State University, Sacramento/Japanese American Archival Collection (CSUS/JAAC) housed in the CSUS Archives for study, research, teaching and exhibition. This unique collection of life histories provides a permanent resource for the use of American and international scholars, researchers and faculty, as well as a lesson for future generations to appreciate the process of protecting and preserving the United States Constitution and America's democratic principles.

PREFACE

The Florin JACL Oral History Project provides completed books and tapes of Oral Histories presented to the interviewed subjects, to the California State University, Sacramento/Japanese American Archival Collection (CSUS/JAAC), and to the Florin JACL Chapter. Copyright is held by the Florin JACL Chapter and California State University, Sacramento. Photocopying is limited to a maximum of 20 pages per volume.

This project will continue the mission of the Florin JACL Oral History Project which began in 1987 and recognized the necessity of interviewing Japanese Americans: "We have conducted these interviews with feelings of urgency. If we are to come away with lessons from this historic tragedy, we must listen to and become acquainted with the people who were there. Many of these historians are in their seventies, eighties and nineties. We are grateful that they were willing to share their experiences and to answer our questions with openness and thoughtfulness." This same urgency to conduct interviews was felt by the North Central Valley JACL Chapters of French Camp, Lodi, Placer County, and Stockton in 1997-98 as a consortium joining the Florin Chapter in obtaining funding from the Civil Liberties Public Education Fund (CLPEF). And now, again under the Florin Chapter banner, more life histories will be told with the generous funding from the California Civil Liberties Public Education Program (CCLPEP).

The Oral Histories in the Japanese American Archival Collection relate the personal stories of the events surrounding the exclusion, forced removal and internment of American citizens and permanent resident aliens of Japanese ancestry. There is a wide variety of interviews of former internees, military personnel, people who befriended the Japanese Americans, Caucasians who worked in the internment camps and others, whose stories will serve to inform the public of the fundamental injustice of the government's action in the detention of the Japanese aliens and "non-aliens" (the government's designation of U.S. citizens), so that the causes and circumstances of this and similar events may be illuminated and understood.

The population of those who lived through the World War II years is rapidly diminishing, and in a few years, will altogether vanish. Their stories must be preserved for the historians and researchers today and in the future.

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INTERVIEWER

Joanne Iritani is a member of the Japanese American Citizens League, Nisei Post No. 8985 Veterans of Foreign Wars, the United Methodist Church as well as other human relations/multicultural organizations.

Joanne, a Poston Camp Internee, is past president of Florin JACL, Education chair, and retired special education teacher with a master's degree from California State University, Bakersfield.

She and her husband, Frank, are authors of *Ten Visits Revised*, which is a guidebook to the ten Japanese American relocation centers.

INTERVIEW TIME AND PLACE

January 24 and February 24, 2000

Home of Beverlee Howe Filloy
1631 10th Avenue
Sacramento, California 95818

PHOTOGRAPHS

Photographs were obtained from Beverlee Howe Filloy.

TYPING AND EDITING

Hideko (Heidi) Sakazaki, member of Florin JACL, JACL/CSUS Oral History Project, and retired Staff Services Manager of California Unemployment Insurance Appeals Board, transcribed the manuscript. Editing was done by Joanne Iritani and Beverlee Howe Filloy.

TAPES AND INTERVIEW RECORDS

Copies of the bound transcript and the original tapes will be kept by Florin Japanese American Citizens League and in the University Archives Library, California State University, Sacramento, 2000 University Drive, Sacramento, California 95819.

BIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY

Beverlee Howe Filloy was born in Ogden, Utah in 1926. Her parents divorced when she was two years old and she and her mother moved to Berkeley where Beverlee attended the Berkeley public schools receiving an excellent education. While attending Berkeley High School, she was active in student government and was president of the Honor Society.

She met Michihiko Hayashida in her home room class where they were seated close to one another with the alphabetical seating. "He was a very shy and good looking young man, and we had some intensive conversations, because we shared some other classes. And when the dreadful order came, that all of my classmates were to leave, I asked Mich if he would write to me. My mother was not at all politically sophisticated, and I don't recall any teacher in our high school making any mention of the injustice. I suppose everybody was frightened and maybe not well informed. . . . Mich took me up on my offer and wrote to me." Later Beverlee and a friend visited the classmates interned at Tanforan Assembly Center. "My mother forbade me to go. she didn't want me to go see those 'Japs.' I told her my friends were not 'Japs' and I was going anyway, which was the first time I had ever openly defied her."

In a later section of this interview, Beverlee mentions Mich saying, "You were one who always cared." ". . . he'd often wondered what would have happened if he hadn't had someone to write those long letters to. So I think without knowing it, at a very tender age, I think, I became a kind of therapist." Beverlee had written letters of recommendation when Mich wanted to leave camp or go into service. And they continued their correspondence throughout the years.

Beverlee graduated from high school in 1943 and attended University of California, Berkeley where she majored in social welfare. As a junior she was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and received her BA degree. She was married in 1945 at age 18 to Jose Filloy who was a Spanish citizen. His family lived in Costa Rica. Jose wanted to enlist in the United States Army and ultimately served in Europe. Upon his return, Jose also became a student and graduated in economics. With a seven month old son, Richard, Beverlee and her husband went to Costa Rica where she met his large extended family and after seven months they returned to the United States. Beverlee was now pregnant with their second child, Emily, and in time, despite the lean years, she was able to complete her master's degree.

Jose was offered a position at McClellan Air Force Base so the family moved to Sacramento in 1955. Beverlee was hired as an instructor at Sacramento State University in 1956 and in 1963 she went into private practice. In time, Beverlee earned her Ph.D. and she is still working three days a week. Beverlee holds License Number 7 for Marriage, Family, and Child Counselor, now known as Marriage, Family and Child Therapist. In addition to her work, Beverlee served on many boards related to her profession and is a mentor in an intern program.

[TAPE 1, SIDE A]

[SESSION 1, January 24, 2000]

IRITANI: This is Tape 1, Side A. I am Joanne Iritani with the Florin JACL¹ Oral History Project. Today's date is January 24. The year is 2000. I am interviewing Beverlee Filloy, spelled B-E-V-E-R-L-E-E; last name, F I-L-L-O-Y, at her home in Sacramento, California. I was asked to interview Beverlee after Marion Kanemoto met her at an Older Women's League gathering at which Marion made a presentation. After their meeting Marion felt that Beverlee's experience would be a positive addition to our Oral History Collection, and so we will be speaking of that. First, though, I want you to go over your own personal history, and you can start as far back with your ancestors as you would like. When your folks came or when your-- however long ago ancestors came and to where.

FILLOY: Well, as far as I know, both sides of my family--my mother's maiden name was Ewing. My father's name was Howe.

IRITANI: H-O-W-E . . .

¹ JACL: Japanese American Citizens League, a membership driven national civil rights organization of Americans of Japanese ancestry.

FILLOY: H-O-W-E. And both of those families were in this country--pre-revolutionary with one exception, and that is my grandmother Howe's parents came from Germany in, as far as I can tell, the 1840s or '50s. They came, as I was told as a child, because great-grandfather didn't want to be a soldier. I learned later in my history courses that that was a time of universal conscription in Germany and so I guess the family's story is fairly accurate, and he was a tailor. I don't know about his wife, but they traveled from the East Coast across the country stopping at various places. So the couple could go into town and earn money. My grandmother, who was a child of eight or nine or along in there, was left at the covered wagon from time to time to take care of the household chores. And to guard the wagon she had a little pistol which I still have as my possession.

IRITANI: At that age?

FILLOY: I don't know when she acquired it, but the pistol was made in 1850-something, and so she may have been a little older. Anyway, they eventually reached Kansas and settled there for a while, and my grandfather began work with the railroads in Burlingame, Kansas, where the "rail meets the trail." Some of the children were born there. Eventually, they moved on to Ogden, Utah. Again, with the railroad, and for a brief time, grandfather apparently tried his hand in San Francisco at the time the cable cars and other transportation systems were

being installed. The story there is that he went back to Utah because San Francisco's "sand fleas" were killing him.

IRITANI: [LAUGHTER]

FILLOY: Well, grandmother told me stories when I was little about Indians coming down from the Wasatch Mountains . . .

IRITANI: In Utah?

FILLOY: . . .to their home in Utah, generally begging for food, and I wish, of course, as many children do, that I had asked more questions and paid more attention. My mother's side of the family were first recorded in --well, there's some dispute as to whether it was New Jersey or Virginia, and by the time I was born . . .

IRITANI: Where?

FILLOY: I was born in Ogden, Utah, in 1926. But prior to that my grandparents and their large family of nine children had lived on a farm in Missouri. When I was a kid, my mother said "Missoura," and I was always busy correcting her to say Missouri, until I learned that everybody from Missouri pronounces it "Missoura."

IRITANI: [LAUGHTER]

FILLOY: When she was a teenager, one of the older brothers who had migrated to Utah begged my grandmother to move the family, and they accomplished that move. My grandfather who had been a successful farmer in Missouri had no

successes truck farming in Ogden--in Salt Lake area, and so my what my chief memories of them are during the depression when they were elderly, and he was really a broken man as far as his endeavors in farming. His father was an interesting man. His name was Sidney Ewing and he was an early physician in Kentucky who had been born in Illinois and claimed a friendship with Abraham Lincoln, and named my grandfather, indeed, Abraham Lincoln Ewing. I don't know--probably lots of stuff on both sides of the family, but that gives a little background. I was brought up as the only child of a single parent. My mother and father divorced when I was two years old, and that was quite a hardship as a child in the first place in the depression with my mother's meager earnings. She was a good secretary but jobs were hard to get and we spent a lot of time with her working on relief projects in WPA [Works Progress Administration] and all the New Deal². But I didn't know anybody else whose parents were divorced. And I always felt really kind of different and a bit of an underdog, although I was very fortunate. My mother moved to Berkeley, and I had an excellent education in the Berkeley public schools.

IRITANI: About what year did you go to Berkeley?

FILLOY: We moved to Oakland first. And I think it was about '32 or '33.

IRITANI: Still under depression.

² New Deal: Economic and political principles and policies adopted by President Franklin D. Roosevelt in the 1930's to advance economic recovery and social welfare.

FILLOY: Yes. My mother's sister--my dear Aunt Bess lived there, and so my mother aligned--I guess saw her as a help and an ally; I was very close to Aunt Bess. She and I were similar in personality. She had been a teacher and she loved to read. My mother was an extremely energetic active woman and had to be, to keep house and in those days, most people worked six--five and a half days a week. So she had only half of Saturday and Sunday. I remember her washing clothes on the washboard. Indeed, I have had some stints of that myself. But she was not much for the studious type, and I used to sneak off and read somewhere until she'd find me and she'd chase me out and tell me to go outside and play.

IRITANI: [LAUGHTER]

FILLOY: I really loved school and, as I said earlier, had a fine education in the Berkeley public schools which were at that time quite progressive. In fact, my first awareness of Japan as a separate country and culture came, I think, in our third grade class when we did a project. I still have photographs dressed in my kimono with classmates. We had a kite-flying day, and we made construction-paper suitcases with all the items we would pack in our suitcases if we were going to Japan. I think there were passports too. And the height of that experience was our class made a trip to San Francisco and had lunch with a Japanese restaurant and learned about taking off our shoes and experimented a little bit with chopsticks.

IRITANI: That was a very creative teacher you had.

FILLOY: I did. The whole school was like that. We learned our banking--our arithmetic project in the sixth grade with banking in those days. Of course, schools had small banking programs. We acted as the tellers and accountants for the whole school in the sixth grade. So I--and my next experience was in the junior high schools. In fact, I learned later that one of the competing junior high schools in Berkeley. I went to Garfield Junior High, which is now Martin Luther King, and when I got to high school, I got to know a lot of the kids from Willard Junior High. I've learned later that Willard was the first junior high school in the country. So Berkeley in that area was at time anyway. . . .

IRITANI: Very progressive.

FILLOY: Well, reaching and looking, and my high school experience was really one in which I kind of came out of my general shyness. I've always been involved in some activities--Campfire girls and things like that, but when I got to Berkeley High. I was active in student government and president of the Honor Society and served on senior committees, and it was there also that in our home room alphabetical class assignments that I met my friend, Michihiko Hayashida, who remains a friend to this day.

IRITANI: His last name was . . .

FILLOY: My last name was Howe and his was Hayashida, although I pronounced it Hayashida.

IRITANI: Well, you're doing it right.

FILLOY: We sat near each other alphabetically in the home room. He was a very shy and good looking young man, and we had some intensive conversations, because we shared some other classes, and when the dreadful order came, that all of my classmates were to leave, I asked Mich if he would write to me. My mother was not at all politically sophisticated, and I don't recall any teacher in our high school making any mention of the injustice. I suppose everybody was frightened and maybe not well informed. But I realize now there were groups like the Quaker groups and others that were entering in the protest, but, well, at fifteen, what does anybody know. They think they may know a whole lot.

IRITANI: Right.

FILLOY: But Mich took me up on my offer and wrote to me.

IRITANI: Do you know where he was interned?

FILLOY: Yes, he was in Topaz³, Utah.

IRITANI: Topaz. Oh, that's right. All the Bay Area people went into Tanforan⁴ [California].

³ Topaz: One of ten permanent detention camps called Relocation Centers by the government, housing internees from March 1942, and all closed by November 1945. (*Ten Visits* by Frank & Joanne Iritani)

FILLOY: In fact, one of my first acts of disobedience to my mother was when a friend of mine, Jacqueline Lucas, (later Griffin) had lived in Japan. Her father worked for the NYK Shipping Lines, and she had lived there for a year and came back to our school and told interesting stories about her time in Japan. When this occurred --the evacuation order--she was responsible for our decision to go visit our Japanese Nisei ⁵classmates at Tanforan. My mother forbade me go. She didn't want me to go see those "Japs." I told her my friends were not "Japs" and I was going anyway, which was the first time I had ever openly defied her.

IRITANI: Openly defied her.

FILLOY: Openly defied her. So I remember all that trek. I think we took the Greyhound bus and then some other conveyance to get down to Tanforan, but our friends knew we were coming and they greeted us in the reception area, which was all we were allowed to see. There must have been a half a dozen of us. One young lad said to us, particularly to me because I was more blond. "You don't know how good it is to see somebody who is not brunette."

IRITANI: [LAUGHTER]

FILLOY: Which at the time, like you, I thought was humorous. But I've reflected on it over the years and to me it says the whole story.

⁴ Tanforan: Temporary detention camp in California in operation from late March 1942 to about middle of October 1942, where Internee families were kept until relocated to more permanent detention camps called Relocation Centers. (*Ten Visits* by Frank and Joanne Iritani)

⁵ Nisei: Native US or Canadian citizen born of immigrant Japanese parents and educated in America

IRITANI: That's right.

FILLOY: All of us were there mixed together, and then suddenly all he ever saw were brunettes.

IRITANI: That's right.

FILLOY: Before the evacuation, I think it must have been in January '42 the WPA that had projects involving artists, musicians, often supplied some entertainment for our school assemblies and there was--largely black, if I'm correct--a choir that came in January, and they sang spirituals and other things, but they had written a special song for the war effort. And while I wasn't very sophisticated in many ways, I was cognizant of. . . . Well, I thought it was a dreadful song, number one. And number two, I was cognizant of how my Japanese classmates seemed to feel they had to sing along louder and harder than anybody. The song was titled, "We Will Nip, Nip Nip the Nipponese and Put Out the Rising Sun." Which meant the war spirit all right, but it seemed to me to be a really dreadful piece of music as well as those awful words. And I felt sad for my classmates. And, as I said earlier, it wasn't long after that that everybody went away and. . . . But Mich did write to me, and he wrote to me for several years on a pretty frequent basis. I still have all his letters from the camp, and we developed a much more cordial relationship in letters than we ever had in person, but he described his life and his--the work he was doing, and the pay he wasn't getting, and . . .

IRITANI: Well, he was still a teenager too.

FILLOY: Yes, right. He was doing, I think, kind of like loading and unloading, as well as going to school. In fact, he graduated while he was in Topaz--in camp. But I got a picture of what he was going through, and I wrote in response--I transcribed lengthy letters. We didn't have any copy machines; I didn't have any money, but I would copy chapters of books --like I remember copying a chapter on the typewriter. One of the books by Sol Alinsky about racial integration, and he would occasionally ask me to do some small errands for him, things he couldn't get in camp like pomade. And he even sent me money for a year book from his Berkeley High School class from which he was banned.

IRITANI: Pomade.

FILLOY: For the hair.

IRITANI: For the hair. [LAUGHTER]

FILLOY: In our 50th high school anniversary, many of the Niseis from the Bay Area attended. He, Mich, has--he became a physician and lived in Hawaii and he did not attend, but he had gone to that other junior high--Willard, and I had a graduation picture of him that he had sent me from Topaz, so I took a copy of it and had many of his classmates sign it after 50 years. They still remembered him. He seemed touched by that. Although I'll get into the fact later that it took him a long time to acknowledge the receipt. My other

experience is not nearly as close--before evacuation was with a fine fellow named Frank Kami who is a Berkeley dentist.

IRITANI: How do you spell it?

FILLOY: K-A-M-I. He was the student body president of our Garfield Junior High School, and everybody liked him and suddenly he was gone. Of course, we made some of those re-acquaintanceships in more recent years. But Mich and I corresponded. He had been freed from the camps and entered the army and went to Europe with the graves registration unit and he wrote to me fairly frequently during that period of time. He ultimately went back East to Boston where he finally got an M.D. [Doctor of Medicine] and married a Japanese social worker named Bernice, and they moved to Hawaii after he practiced for a while in Oakland. In fact, he was our family's ophthalmologist for a time at Kaiser. We were invited to the wedding and attended the reception. After Mich's release from camp and I guess, discharge from the Army, his brother--he was one of twelve children, if I remember correctly. I know very little, if anything, about his family, but I'm sure they were all very good students because his brother Tetsuo, I think, was his name, came to my house with a box of chocolates--sort of a thank you from Mich. I've never met him before. I was married by then, but my husband was overseas and I was living with my mother, and I think my aunt was staying with us, and those two ladies were not very welcoming to him. Once again I had to declare my--well, my aunt's

son--my cousin--was busy as a marine in the Pacific, and she had a hard time thinking in positive terms about anybody connected with the Japanese, but she was probably more cordial than my mother who was, as I recall, had practically nothing to say after she said "hello." I never saw Tetsuo again. I think it was a touching gesture--certainly was thoughtful one on Mich's part. So the years went on. They moved to Hawaii. My husband and I visited them sometime in the '80s when we were in Hawaii for a vacation. Over many years, it's simply been an occasional--very occasional letter and a note on a Christmas card is [how]we kind of kept track of each other. But couple of years ago when I saw a column in the paper about Satsuki Ina whose work was featured in that column. It also mentioned that she was a marriage, family, and child counselor, which is connected with my profession. I wrote her a note and said that my experience with this was certainly not comparable to hers but I thought we might have some things in common.. Eventually, she got back in touch with me, and we've had lunch two or three times. I saw and admired her work with the "The Children of the Camps," and I attended the showing last February--about a year ago?

IRITANI: It was last year some time.

FILLOY: And I was very proud to be there. She was the person I called since I'm program chair--vice--pro-chair for the Older Women's League program.

IRITANI: For the local . . .

FILLOY: Local unit, yes. I decided it would be an interesting program to have some people with diverse background to talk about women's lives in other times and other places, so I called Satsuki and she gave me Marion's name. I hadn't realized that Marion was one of the participants in the film. But I talked to her several times on the phone, and she gave the most wonderful and appealing talk about her experiences. The group was really enthusiastic and that's how we got a bit acquainted, and we had lunch later just to get to know each other a little better. And so she mentioned that you might be calling. I was happy to contribute anything I could.

Over the years, I have followed various court cases and reparations and so forth with interest, and when we had our 50th high school reunion, one of the Nisei women that I had been friendly with in high school came, and according to the reception committee, the person she wanted to see was me. And she hasn't been back to any other reunion. It was hard to feel very close after a 50-year intervention, but she apparently remembered me fondly, as did others who gathered for that reunion. I learned from some of my Caucasian classmates that their parents had been active in the protest or aid movement but, as I said earlier, I knew nothing about any of that. However, I think if I needed any encouragement to become a civil libertarian, it was probably when my mother told me I couldn't go see my friends. I said, "I'm going. It's right." So these letters that Mich and I exchanged over the years, I think, are very --

I'm very glad to have them in my possession, because they do reflect not only some of the conditions of his life but generally my response to him. But after all the war was over and things settled down, he like many other Niseis, I think, wouldn't even talk about that period.

IRITANI: There are many.

FILLOY: And I never felt like I had to say, "Now, let's review this."

IRITANI: No.

FILLOY: But with Satsuki's work and the 50th Anniversary-- so many things, I decided to send him some materials. I mentioned the photos I sent to him earlier, and when I didn't hear that he received it, I think I asked him in some Christmas card or note, and he wrote back with some psychological observation that he was willing to share that he wondered why he had delayed so long in responding. He thought that it might have to do with some unpleasantness during that period of his life, and I don't know whether it was in that letter or another letter but he once said, "You were one who always cared." And I felt, well, if nothing else, there were a few students in Berkeley High who hadn't been forgotten, or that somebody was upset about this even if not very effective. I wrote letters for him when he wanted to go into service, or leave the camp. They are sort of pathetic when you look back on them what a 16 or 17-year old had to say. I pointed had he been an Eagle Scout, a fine student, and all that stuff, but it's simply of interest now. I guess I sent them to the

War Department or some place. But gradually in this last year and half or so, I had accumulated a number of things that I sent all to him. It probably blew him away because he was pretty quiet about it, although I've since learned that at first he hadn't seen the tape because of broken VCR and then he acknowledged that he was having some hearing loss and infirmities-- both him and Bernice. They moved to a beautiful home in Honolulu and had moved in some assisted or more convenient [place]. But there had been a couple of letters in which he opened up a little bit and in one of them he said he'd often wondered what would have happened if he hadn't had someone to write those long letters to. So I think without knowing it, at a very tender age, I think, I became a kind of a therapist.

IRITANI: You were already [a therapist] in your teens.

FILLOY: I didn't know it then.

IRITANI: Of course.

FILLOY: But I think it was beneficial to him to have some outside contacts and a person more or less his own age. I think he was about a year older than I was, because I was always the youngest in the class. And so I wrote back and put that into words, and he kind of comes up with these things shyly and sideways, but he has begged me for materials I sent him without a lot of introspective assessments, but I think it has meant something to him. And, as I say, it creeps in now and then into his letters. And I told him, "I still have all

those long letters you wrote." and that may have scared him off. [He has since given me permission to make his correspondence available.]

IRITANI: I think that the fact that not only did you keep this contact and he kept the contact, but then you went into the field.

FILLOY: Well, I might have done that anyway because we were so poor in the depression that the only people I knew who had jobs were the social workers from the various Welfare Department.

IRITANI: That's where the . . .

FILLOY: My mother had a good friend who was a hospital social worker, and I always liked her. When I got to--I guess I was a senior in Berkeley High--they gave some vocational tests, and it showed that--well, first, my teacher called me up and said, "You know, you could really do or be anything you want to." And I thought that was nice to know, but it didn't give me any directions.

IRITANI: That's right.

FILLOY: But; you know, again . . .

IRITANI: That was very general--"You can do anything."

FILLOY: When I grew up with limited career options program--nursing--librarian, teacher, social worker--and these specific tests showed very high scores in both teaching and social work, and I have been both of them in my career.

IRITANI: What did you do first? You went right into Berkeley from . . .

FILLOY: I went to Cal directly from Berkeley High. And by then I guess I was sixteen when I graduated high school. I think I majored right away--a major that no longer exists there--but it was called "social welfare." And it was a good general curriculum background. The more I got into understanding the field and learning more about it, the more I was convinced that that was the direction that I wanted to go, so I applied for graduate school, and went directly from undergraduate school to graduate school and had, again, fine teaching. My first year of field work was with the San Francisco Public Welfare . . .

IRITANI: Well,, your high school graduation [INTERRUPTION]
[END TAPE 1, SIDE A]

[BEGIN TAPE 1, SIDE B]

IRITANI: We are on Tape 1, Side B, and continuing with the life of Beverlee Filloy -Beverlee Ewing Filloy.

FILLOY: Beverlee Howe . . .

IRITANI: Beverlee Howe Filloy. Got the wrong last name--Beverlee Howe Filloy. So, Beverlee, you graduated from high school in 1943.

FILLOY: February, '43--officially the fall class of '42.

IRITANI: '42, oh.

You've already recounted your letter writing--correspondence with Mich.
And now I want you to tell us about your own story of your education and
your work . . .

FILLOY: My family?

IRITANI: And your family.

FILLOY: I think I said on the previous portion of the tape that I had . . .

IRITANI: It's all right to repeat.

FILLOY: . . . decided to major in social welfare and did go on directly to graduate school
after achieving my AB.

IRITANI: You went the four years for your undergraduate school?

FILLOY: Yes, I think it was four years. A lot of people nowdays take five, but I think I
finished in four, and as a junior, I was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. By then I
was married and my . . .

IRITANI: Before you were a junior?

FILLOY: I was married in 1945, when I was 18. I had met my husband, José, at Cal
through some friends, and he was a Spanish citizen at that time but very eager
to serve, and, of course, Spain was part of the Axis⁶ and so he had trouble
enlisting. At one point, he lost his student visa because of some difficulties
with his uncle who ran the family after his father's death.

IRITANI: His uncle was running the family where?

⁶ Axis: Countries aligned against the United Nations in World War 11; originally applied to Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy and later extended to Japan.

FILLOY: In Costa Rica.

IRITANI: In Costa Rica.

FILLOY: And he decided that he wasn't going to provide support for my husband who was working and a student, so we struggled on our own, but he was eager not to be sent back to Spain or Costa Rica to be allowed to enlist in the armed forces.

IRITANI: To be sent back to Spain, although he had emigrated from Costa Rica?

FILLOY: He was never a Costa Rican citizen.

IRITANI: Oh, that's why.

FILLOY: So, they might have sent him to Costa Rica. Fortunately, he didn't come to that because there was an immigration inspector named either Cunningham or Buckingham. I visited him with my husband-to-be a couple of times, and he thought that he would be allowed to enlist, and so he kept filing his papers at the bottom of the stack a few times and . . .

IRITANI: [LAUGHTER] Oh, what a nice man!

FILLOY: He was a nice man. I wish I could remember his name more clearly.

Anyway, my husband went off to serve in the U. S. Army.

IRITANI: Where did he serve?

FILLOY: He served ultimately in Europe, but he was in basic training in Texas and came home in early '45 before being sent overseas. We decided to be married at that time. We were married February 4, 1945--shy of my 19th birthday. He

was 22. I still have all his letters. But he was sent to Europe and while he didn't see active battle, he was in skirmishes and had his jaw broken trying to protect a German civilian--the U.S. troops were beating up on him--a handicapped man. So he had his wartime adventures and . . .

IRITANI: Mostly in Germany or . . .

FILLOY: He was initially stationed in Scotland and for the majority of the time in Germany, but it was after he was overseas at VE Day⁷, but by the time he was in Germany, they had surrendered, but there were still horrendous social conditions. He had been majoring in engineering, but after what he had seen in Europe, the social science side of him came forth, and he changed his major when he got back to economics, and ah . . .

IRITANI: So after the war, you were both students?

FILLOY: We were both students and we lived in a variety of small apartments. There was a terrible housing shortage, and then he decided that he would go back to Costa Rica where his younger brothers were running the family business. So in 1949 with our seven-month-old son, my husband with his new AB in his pocket, and I had completed one year of graduate school. We went off to Costa Rica. That was a rewarding experience in many ways getting to meet his family although I had met a brother and a sister--two brothers and a sister before we went. He was one of eight. I was totally really unprepared for the

⁷ VE Day: May 8, 1945, day surrender of Germany was announced, officially ending European phase of WW II.

whole cultural shock, and I wasn't doing well even though I studied Spanish, I couldn't seem to get my tongue around it right. His mother wanted him to take over the family business. Their father, her husband, had died when my husband was only eleven and so she had been dependent on her brother, of course, the uncle I mentioned a little while before. My husband went in and looked at the books, queried people, and checked it out, and came to the conclusion that his uncle was "cleaning" the business, but nobody would pay any attention to him, and he was very frustrated, so after seven months in Costa Rica, and I'm pregnant with our second child, our daughter, when we returned to the United States.

IRITANI: Was it difficult for him to go in and out?

FILLOY: No, he was very facile at that. When he was here . . .

IRITANI: A non-citizen still.

FILLOY: Right, but the whole family was there, and there were a very few people who even realized he wasn't a Costa Rican citizen. Costa Rica had published a booklet--they have no army, as you may know--published a booklet about American allied war heroes, and they had a big spread on my husband.

IRITANI: When he was in there.

FILLOY: Yes.

IRITANI: And for you to get back easily to the United States.

FILLOY: No, there was no problem.

IRITANI: No problem.

FILLOY: Because he became a U. S. citizen by virtue of his service in the army and . . .

IRITANI: I see!

FILLOY: So that wasn't the problem. The problem was that I still wanted to complete my master's degree, had two little kids, and no money. We had a hard time and he did a lot of menial jobs until he was able to get a position in the Social Security Administration where he stayed for a number of years. And in the meantime, the kids got old enough, and a professor who had--I had been his teaching assistant in my first year of graduate school. Actually my first year of graduate school consisted of two calendar years, because the baby was born--the first baby was born, and I had to cut back on doing my field work. So I was mid-way through and the professor -- Friedlander, a German refugee for whom I had worked earlier as a teaching assistant, had had a mild stroke and was coming back to teaching, and he wanted an experienced teaching assistant, so he called me to see if I would be available. So we worked it out with a lot of patched-together child care and a little money, although I did have a scholarship award, and so I had my second year of field work at the famous Mt. Zion Psychiatric Clinic in San Francisco.

IRITANI: In San Francisco.

FILLOY: And had, again, wonderful supervision and role models.

IRITANI: At that time, of course, San Francisco and Berkeley, there was that train.

FILLOY: Yes, the "F" train. I rode it back and forth and car-pooled some times. So in 1954 my husband had tested for some federal jobs and was offered a position at McClellan [Air Force Base] where he ran into some racial discrimination being Spanish-born, although in speaking, his English was impeccable, he always had a slight accent. Anyway, we decided to move to Sacramento and did that. He came up here first and lived while I was completing my Master's degree, and we bought a small tract home out in North Highlands, which wasn't completed, so we had to wait for it to be finished before we could move in. We moved to Sacramento--the whole family moved to Sacramento in 19--I think it was February 1955. We were celebrating our tenth year of marriage. I had grown up in an apartment, so I guess before my parents were divorced, I lived in houses, but I have no memory of that.

IRITANI: This is your first house?

FILLOY: It was my first house. My mother, struggling as she did and the poor housing conditions, moved frequently in Berkeley, but keeping me in the right school districts. I counted, with her help, once that I had spent my first seventeen Christmases in seventeen different houses . . .

IRITANI: Oh, really?

FILLOY: So when we got to North Highlands, we stayed six whole years [LAUGHTER], and then decided to move to this home where I plan to stay forever. Get me out of here with a shoehorn, but in the meantime, when we

came to Sacramento, they were recruiting social workers, and I got lots of letters inviting me to go to work for Youth Authority and other State agencies, but what I chose to take was a job with adoptions . . .

IRITANI: What department?

FILLOY: County Welfare Department. I worked first in foster care and then in adoptions and while I was there one of the--I guess she was a branch chief--I've forgotten her exact title, but she was a professor at Sac State [California State University, Sacramento]. Her name is Dorothy Zietz, Z-I-E-T-Z.

IRITANI: Z-I-E-T-Z? That's a different name.

FILLOY: I guess it's German, I don't know. Anyhow, she kind of recruited me to apply to the University, and so I was hired there as an instructor in 1956.

IRITANI: That's Sacramento State?

FILLOY: Yes. Then it was Sac State. Now, of course, it's California State University, Sacramento, but that takes too long to say. And I spent a couple of years there. I enjoyed the teaching, but there were many political aspects, and I didn't have a Ph.D., because social worker's terminal degree is MSW, although I've since acquired a Ph.D. I had been working one evening a week to supplement our income with the Family Service Agency. They were expanding their staff, so I took a job with them after being at the college, and I stayed there . . .

IRITANI: So you got your Ph.D . . .

FILLOY: I got my Ph.D. much later.

IRITANI: Much later.

FILLOY: And so I had enjoyable and beneficial times of family service and they underwent a dreadful internal upheaval, and one of the other case workers and I decided to go into private practice because . . .

IRITANI: Oh!

FILLOY: . . . we felt we'd been--the whole staff had been treated unfairly by the board . .

IRITANI: By the Family Service . . .

FILLOY: The Board of Family Service Agency. The director was somewhat corrupt, and he had been skimming off private cases for his own practice, and the Board didn't like to feel they were remiss in their job, so they supported him and the rest of us all left.

: [INAUDIBLE]

IRITANI: And then you started . . .

FILLOY: And then I went into private practice in 1963 and have been at it ever since. Sometimes with a co-therapist, sometimes with an association of various therapists. I've been in practice for a period of thirty-seven--I think if I did my arithmetic right, or [thirty] eight years--which is a pretty long go in private practice and I have learned so much.

IRITANI: And you are actually still . . .

FILLOY: I am still working three days a week. I still enjoy the work. My new secretary asked me the other day--she was typing a report of one of my clients and she said, "Doesn't it get you down listening to this all the time?" But you learn along the way how to put some limits on your time, and even feelings in some instances, not that you become numb and don't feel, but you can't lie awake at night worrying about your clients and still be effective the next day. Well, what's come to me over the years is the thing that is common to raising kids, to teaching, and to doing counseling, and therapy is that the rewards are you're participating in somebody else's growth and you get to see that. And so it has been very wonderful and sustaining career. There were no licenses when we first started in private practice, but that developed soon afterwards. And I worked towards the establishment of the license for clinical social work and being active in this professional organization that we established before the acquisition of a license. But the very first license was the Marriage, Family, and Child Counselor. We all know it's now Marriage, Family and Child Therapist. And I hold License No. 7.

IRITANI: Oh, wow!

FILLOY: Double O-7. You can't beat that.

IRITANI: Yes. [LAUGHTER]

FILLOY: The six preceding me have either retired or expired and one guy got drummed out of the corps. I don't know the extent of his sins, but one wonders if he got

away with it all those years or got into his dotage and made some errors in his judgments, but anyway, as far as I know, I'm the surviving, so-to-speak, marriage, family, and child counseling therapist in the country, because California was the first state to have such a law, and I'm now the oldest acting

...

IRITANI: You are the oldest State counselor . . .

FILLOY: Walking piece of history. But the license that really means the most to me is my clinical social worker license. And I served on that Board--that organization for about fourteen years--was president. We worked to established the Institute for Clinical Social Work because most universities who have graduate schools in social work do not offer a Ph.D. I was very. . . . If you get a Ph. D. or a doctorate in administration or teaching, perhaps, but not for clinical work. And so we established our free-standing Institute for Clinical and Social Work and after a couple of years of operation, I decided I wanted to attend. So I was in my 50's when I went back to school and . . .

IRITANI: For Ph.D. Actually, through what university?

FILLOY: Well, it's called the California Institute for Clinical Social Work. It's twenty-five years old now.

IRITANI: It's not connected with . . .

FILLOY: It's free standing and it only admits people with Master's degree and it is designed so that one can stay in practice and attend [INAUDIBLE] or conferences . . .

IRITANI: And where is it located?

FILLOY: Headquarters is in Berkeley.

IRITANI: I see.

FILLOY: And we often met at the Mills [College] campus--convocations. It was designed as a sort of tutorial system in different types of programs.

IRITANI: So people can continue in their work and take these classes and work toward their Ph.D?

FILLOY: Exactly. Do a lot of [INAUDIBLE] work and have a mentor and colloquium--small groups and eventually turn out the Ph.D.

IRITANI: Sounds good.

FILLOY: And my Ph.D. was in the incorporation of sex therapy in the clinical social work practice. Back in the '70s I began to get specialized training, as I was working with so many couples where sexual problems were [INAUDIBLE] and Masters and Johnson published in their late '60s and by the early '70s some training programs were beginning to pop up here and there, so I took rather intensive training with one group but some with a variety of groups.

IRITANI: You got your name . . .

FILLOY: No, I've never wanted to be known just as a sex therapist, because I like working with other problems, and this was an adjunct in order to help with couples . . .

IRITANI: And in your work right now--is it more referrals?

FILLOY: Yes, over the years. Of course, there had been so many changes in the delivery of health care, so that now a lot of the work comes through managed care. When one is on the panel or through employer assistance. There are still some people with the old fashioned insurance and some people pay out of pocket. I would estimate about a quarter or a third of my clientele at any given time had sexual problems, and I work with people who are depressed, who are anxious, who are having other kinds of personal and family problems, not just sexual.

IRITANI: Depression is much more recognized now than it was . . .

FILLOY: Yes, people are more willing to talk about it. Physicians are more likely to recognize it to occur.

IRITANI: It used to be said, "It's all in your head."

FILLOY: Right. Or just the case of the "blues." But I see a lot of depressed people and I see a lot of very anxious people. I have some clients that I feel like I raised, participating in people's growth. I have a client that I started seeing when she was eighteen and she's fifty-one now. We have had our times of interruptions. I've referred her out in case there was something I was missing--to see other

therapists. She's had psychological testing. Once she got mad at me and stormed out of my office, I didn't hear from her for five years, but she called back and said would I consider taking her back, because she had seen other therapists in the meantime, and nobody had understood her as well as I did.

IRITANI: Nobody else really helped.

FILLOY: I guess we're together forever. [Chuckles] Because the other therapists all continued to refer her back.

IRITANI: I see.

FILLOY: She didn't get her off to a good start in life. I'm pretty proud of what she has been able to accomplish. Her siblings have really fallen on their faces, but she didn't seem to--so, it's been, as I said, a very rewarding career.

IRITANI: When you can see the change of some of the people, that's great.

FILLOY: And my husband was very supportive of my going into private practice, because I sure didn't make much money the first year so, but by then he had advanced in his career and we were able to manage. I remember shortly after when we moved into this house, my kids would have been eleven and twelve or ten and twelve.

IRITANI: And now they are . . .

FILLOY: One of them said to me as we were unpacking the groceries and putting things away, "We're not poor anymore, are we?" [Chuckles] Because we used to

have to budget so tightly and so closely in all departments, but the day came when we just relaxed a little a bit about that.

IRITANI: Well, could we go back to your husband then. He worked for McClellan.

FILLOY: He worked for McClellan and he was often chosen to translate when they had visiting dignitaries from Latin American countries like Argentina or Spain-- Air Force delegations--he has--Spanish has served him very well. While there were other Spanish-speaking people, I guess, but they all go through basic--I don't think any had the dual facility of the language. He was busy with Toastmasters and he held various offices in that organization. His major love all his life was soccer, and he played soccer as a kid growing up in Costa Rica and had played, I think, on some minor league, and when he came to the University of California, he played in their soccer team, which during the war was a very interesting mix. Well, soccer at that time was not popular in this country anyway. He was out there with the sheiks and the turbans and all kinds of interesting people, and then later he became a coach of various teams who were kids in this area.

IRITANI: And your children were able to do that too?

FILLOY: Yes, there was a time when I had to make shin guards and--what do you call it--penalty flags because they weren't available to be purchased.

IRITANI: That's not like today.

FILLOY: No, not at all.

IRITANI: Where even the five-year-old is out there playing soccer now.

FILLOY: Right, and we'd bring small soccer balls back from Costa Rica for our grandchildren because they weren't available here either for our kids--now for our grandkids. And my son [Richard Anthony Filloy, Ph.D.] went on this referee-soccer. The whole family is pretty athletically active. My daughter [Emily Ann Filloy-Weintraub] will be fifty this year and still loves to play basketball, and she had to have some knee surgery about a year ago because of an injury in basketball. And initially the doctors were not going to do the repair because, I guess, they figured at her age it becomes ligament repair that was required was not really--life at fifty--forty-nine or forty-eight--whatever she was--was not usually that demanding, but she appealed for a second opinion and they did her surgery.

IRITANI: And she's fine.

FILLOY: She's fine and she's still playing basketball.

IRITANI: And she's out there in . . .

FILLOY: She's in Oakland.

IRITANI: She's in Oakland.

FILLOY: She teaches English as a second language. Actually she left the classroom and is teaching in some component of a literacy program.

IRITANI: Oh, I see.

FILLOY: After 21 years in the classroom.

IRITANI: And she has how many children?

FILLOY: Two. My husband's family had four boys and four girls, and I had a boy and a girl, and each of them has a boy and a girl. So he was active in a lot of things. We were active together in the People-to-People Program entertaining folks from abroad.

IRITANI: Here in Sacramento?

FILLOY: In Sacramento and . . .

IRITANI: With what . . .

FILLOY: It was called "People-to-People." It started with the Winter Olympics back in the '60s sometime. It became evident that foreign visitors needed some chance to mingle with the local population, and it expanded from there to include other people. I haven't heard anything about it for years, but we entertained a lot of . . .

IRITANI: Yes, we don't hear of "People-to-People" . . .

FILLOY: I think the last guest we had was an Egyptian woman who was here on some assignment, I think, it was one of the State Departments. But we had journalists from Latin America, and we had Russians from . . .

IRITANI: So it didn't need to be a person who was a Spanish-speaking person?.

FILLOY: No.

IRITANI: Just anyone who was visiting with some delegations.

FILLOY: Yes. We were involved for a time with a foreign exchange program. We were quite disappointed to learn that they would not place a youngster with us because my husband was not native born, and somehow I guess they thought that a word of Spanish might creep in or his accent might creep in. We heard stories from other people about their standards--one of my daughter's friends who applied to be an exchange student was eliminated from the program because she was allergic to orange juice.

IRITANI: [LAUGHTER] Allergic to orange juice!

FILLOY: We returned to Costa Rica after--gee, I guess it would have been eighteen years since I've been with my husband.

IRITANI: You were just visiting?

FILLOY: The children . . . Well, the first time we went was when he was to take over the family business. And eventually my brothers-in-law who ran it came to the conclusion that my husband had come too many years before that their uncle had really been ripping everybody off.

IRITANI: So what was the . . .

FILLOY: He died. He went back to Spain to visit, climbed a cherry tree, took a fall, and

...

IRITANI: Oh.

FILLOY: But the bad feeling between the two families persists to this day. I loved being with his family in Costa Rica because I was very--the only child and here was this loving warmth.

IRITANI: Big family.

FILLOY: Big family and they. . . . When I first went there it was very hard for me to hug everybody every time I saw them. But when I went back eighteen years later, definitely older and I hope wiser and having raised two children.

IRITANI: You raised two children.

FILLOY: Yes, I thought all these hugs are just wonderful and that was especially . . .

IRITANI: By then, was the uncle already gone?

FILLOY: I don't remember that time. I think he was still alive.

IRITANI: He was still alive. Head of the . . .

FILLOY: My husband always resented that his mother wouldn't back him but backed her brother because she was a very dependent person. She lost her husband when she was quite young and had these eight kids to raise, and the oldest daughter was sent back to Spain to be with the grandparents. And she was there during the Spanish Civil War and World War and communication was almost zilch.

IRITANI: It was gone?

FILLOY: And I think--having visited her a couple of times in Spain where she still lives on the property where my husband was born.

IRITANI: You did?

FILLOY: Well, my husband and I went and then I went alone a couple of times . . .

IRITANI: Right.

FILLOY: . . . with my granddaughter who was doing a year abroad in Barcelona. We met in the part of Spain in Galicia which is in northwestern part of Spain.

IRITANI: You speak enough Spanish to . . .

FILLOY: To get along. I do better in Costa Rica because most of them speak English and the accent is easier for me.

IRITANI: Oh, do they?

FILLOY: I had a harder time in Spain, but my granddaughter has majored in Spanish and I think having a Spanish grandfather always charmed her, and she is now applying for graduate school.

IRITANI: Where is she now?

FILLOY: She's in Eugene [Oregon] now working as a teaching assistant, but is applying

...

IRITANI: And is this Spanish a major or minor?

FILLOY: It's her major. She connected and we had a great time in Galicia--in this little mountain village where the people. . . . All you have to do is say your last name and you are part of the clan.

IRITANI: [LAUGHTER]

FILLOY: My son and his wife went there on their honeymoon and when he came back, he said, "I wonder how many people have a place in the world where you can go because your ancestors came from there and you're just embraced and welcomed." He went down to the local taverns.

IRITANI: Everyone knew the last name.

FILLOY: So, my husband retired in 1980 after--I don't know how many years with the federal government-- close to forty, and by then he was active with the local interpreters' group, and he did some interpreting for the courts and Social Security here and was busy with that group.

IRITANI: And right now there's such a need for real ability with not just saying your . . .

[END TAPE 1, SIDE B]

[BEGIN TAPE 2, SIDE A]

IRITANI: Let me start this. This is Tape 2, Side A, and we will go ahead with your information about your husband. We know he retired from McClellan.

FILLOY: Prior to his retirement and throughout his life, he was very skilled in handy work. At the time of his memorial, my daughter and her brother--my son--had to prepare their remarks separately and it was interesting. Both of them chose to speak about his rather broad and amazing skills with his hands. He loved his home and did much work here, sometimes with the help of professionals but often on his own and we worked together. We both were pretty hard workers, and we did a lot of things together. This old furniture

in the house that he built and the additions to the home that he planned and he helped to construct--lots of clever little touches.

IRITANI: What year was it that you moved over here?

FILLOY: 1963.

IRITANI: '63.

FILLOY: I get confused--yes, it was '63. It was '61 when I started at the Family Service

Agency. So, we've been--in fact, for my 70th birthday, my clever kids--my daughter's idea mainly--I think. She had a friend of mine--right here--there were a couple of friends take a roll of film of the house and sent it off to a artist in the Bay Area who did a pen and ink sketch without ever having seen the house. They know--I usually keep track of things fairly well, but it escaped me at that point that I had lived in this house half of my life. And they well know that I don't want to budge having moved as a kid.

IRITANI: How many bedrooms do you have here? Large!

FILLOY: I have three bedrooms upstairs. One is now largely an office--vacant--still serves as a guest room. It has two and one-half baths . . .

IRITANI: And there's no bedrooms downstairs?

FILLOY: No. There is a finished basement where we used a lot for entertainment--for kids and teenagers.

IRITANI: For children. Right.

FILLOY: Anyway, we had begun traveling more extensively for pleasure in the '60s and I got to see New York for the first time in 1968, and then we made other trips there--driving trips. And we went through Spain and France and Portugal, and that's when I first met the sister-in-law who lives there. She won't talk about the Civil War. Her father-in-law was a Fascist. She was very much not, but I think she, as I've said earlier, may have felt isolated from the family in Costa Rica, and they didn't entirely approve of her marriage. She married a village school teacher, which is about as good as it gets in those little mountain villages.

IRITANI: Right. But that wasn't contributing . . .

FILLOY: Well, they didn't like him because he was a Fascist too, but chiefly we traveled, as I've said, for pleasure and saw so much of Europe and began going more frequently to Costa Rica as we could afford it. And we had managed to take the kids. The kids spent the summer there when they were quite young, like eight and ten, to get to know their family and to learn some Spanish, and then they had gone back on their own for summers--often taking their friends and so forth. My husband was particularly close to his two immediately younger sisters. I am close to them too. The three other brothers were the tail end of the family, so he was pretty much grown when they were coming up and left. And now he's gone and the next older brother is gone and . . .

IRITANI: What year did your husband die?

FILLOY: He died in 1988.

IRITANI: '88.

FILLOY: And then his brother died three or four years after that, and the youngest brother of all had a stroke of some kind--probably twenty years ago, and he has been confined to a wheel chair and shunts in his head, and he seems to always recognize me. I see him every time I go visit and he seems to still--last time I saw him, he had some command of English because he studied and lived in this country for a while. But for the most part he is in a state where he can't really have an on-going conversation--his mind trails off. It's very sad to see. There is one surviving reasonably healthy brother. His sisters are all still alive except for one--the next to the oldest who died last year. I had seen her when I was there, and I was on a flight coming home when she died. My sister-in-law in Spain is about 85, I think.

IRITANI: And is the business still continuing?

FILLOY: No. They finally sold the business after many years. Again, that created a dispute within the family, because of the way my mother-in-law set up her will, and so I have seen generations--the toll of family businesses can take on people's relationships.

IRITANI: It can affect . . .

FILLOY: Yes. I don't know. Even though I live 4000 miles away, it's just as though the surviving brother-in-law has been very cool to me because he's at war with his sisters. And it's the same story with my mother-in-law. The brothers are ripping the sisters off. And my husband saw this quickly and tried to deal with the brothers when he was visiting there and, again, that stalled. And so now, many of the family say, "Oh, if only Pepe were alive." Pepe is the nickname for Jose, my husband.

IRITANI: Pepe?

FILLOY: Pepe.

IRITANI: P-E-P-E.

FILLOY: Yes. His nieces and nephews much admired him. And he cared about them a lot. And it's sad to me that some who spent time here in our home on holidays and so forth now practically don't speak to me or the other side of the family. His brother declared that he had no sisters, but they are all dead to him. I had continued to call and see how they were and they spoke to me-words just like frozen little ice cubes, so last time I called anybody was whether his sons who, you know, were always been buddies and I said, "Why are your parents treating me like this?" [He said] "Well, it's where you stay when you go." All the people who invite me are my sisters-in-law. So, I said, "What am I supposed to do? Am I supposed to stay in a hotel? I stay where I'm invited." And he said, "Well, if you are not on our side

then." --I live 4000 miles away. I don't even understand all the details of this quarrel, and I don't know why I have to choose sides?

IRITANI: That's the way it is.

FILLOY: So I no longer try to reach the in-laws because it's still a loss. When anybody arrived, there were huge parties and the in-laws and their families get together, they would have thirty-five people and a Mariachi Band and had great times. A lot of people are dead, of course, now and people who are surviving are older and not dancing up their heels as much anymore.

IRITANI: No. Not only that but the attitudes have completely changed.

FILLOY: It was painful to my sisters-in-law, because their little brothers--but the sisters-in-law--they no longer write to me signing the word in Spanish for sister-in-law. They all sign the word for sister. Two of them came during my husband's final illness. We're always pretty close, but I think sharing that experience--they were here when he died. We're even closer and so I think they feel that I am like a sister. That pleases me very much.

One chapter of my life is very exciting to me--being close to ten years ago. I knew after my parents divorced, as the years went by that I probably was not my presumed father's child. And I think that contributed to the divorce. And I also knew that my actual father who was a relative of the family had married and had other children. But I didn't know--it wasn't clear in my mind and I certainly didn't have any idea how to find him and

then we got word of his death. I was nineteen; my husband was overseas; I was living with my mother who had been very loath to give me accurate information, and I didn't know what to do. I didn't dare write to my step-mother because my mother would have had my head. And these brothers I understood to be quite a bit younger and the ties were broken. There was nobody I knew I could turn to, so I didn't do anything. But as the years went by I would occasionally think I wonder where these brothers are and what they are like. After my husband's death, I don't know if it was directly because of it or just my advancing age or curiosity. I got in touch with some cousins. My mother had not been on very good terms with some of her family. She was a difficult one. And I got in touch with cousins that I hadn't seen for years, including a cousin who knew my step-mother, but couldn't locate her, and he was very helpful--tracked down in the process of looking for her when he ran into my step-mother's niece. And through her, we got the address of my step-mother who was British. Her name was Lucie. And I called Lucie and identified myself very gently, because I didn't know how she was going to receive me. She gave me the telephone numbers of my half-brothers, her sons. And I with much fear and trembling. I called my brother Dan--at that time he was the Department Chair of History at UCLA [University of California, Los Angeles] He had gotten his Ph.D. at Berkeley the same year that my son entered Berkeley. We have

since become such good friends. He now teaches at Oxford, England. He's Rhodes Professor of American History at Oxford. His wife maintains the home in Sherman Oaks [California], and he--Oxford's terms are about eight or nine weeks, so he's home in-between. And I visited him in England. One phone call, I acquired two half-brothers, two sisters-in-law, and seven nieces and nephews. Not bad for an only child.

IRITANI: [LAUGHTER]

FILLOY: I said to my husband's family in Costa Rica that important and vital as it was to me that I connect with my own brothers, nobody would ever replace the fact that they had been my brothers and sisters when I had none. And that was when the family was still in tact. Everybody was speaking to each other. So, my other brother John is an engineer, and he works in Massachusetts, lives in New Hampshire, and I have visited him a couple of times. And they've both been here. And it is still sometimes sounds strange to me to speak about my brothers. The youngest is seventeen years younger than I. The older, Dan, is eleven years younger. John, the younger one's daughter just got married in October. I went to New Hampshire for the wedding. I got E-mail the other day that his son was going to be married in Cape Cod. And we just had such an entertaining time with the--I have two mementos and records of my father and their father also. But, particularly, the older brother and I--we discovered that we were driving the same model

car, we were both Phi Beta Kappa, we had a lot of tastes in common, and because he lives nearby, I see him more frequently. I guess I feel closer to him. But I feel close to John in other ways. It has been such a rich addition to my life.

IRITANI: Just because you decided you could look . . .

IRITANI: Yes.

IRITANI: . . .for them.

FILLOY: It required, as I said, checking it with all these cousins and I sent out letters and postcards to people with their name and right initial up and down the State of California and in the East [Coast]. They both attended Harvard, but it never occurred to me to check with the school. I wasn't even sure about that--the sources I had said "some eastern" universities. I had back fascinating letters. My cover letter just explained to them there had been a break in the family because of divorce and then I was looking for the people that I felt might be relatives--I didn't say brothers or whatever. The answers I got were--drove me crazy. Many people were helpful, but some people wanted to refer me to the Mormon genealogy staff. I wasn't looking for genealogy; I was looking for people.

IRITANI: No, it wasn't the past, past.

FILLOY: And one of them wrote to me from Visalia (which he misspelled) and said, "I was adopted, I don't know anything about my background or my parents,

but if I can be of any help, let me know." People were generally of good will but the names that they connected with were not what I was looking for.

IRITANI: Isn't that amazing!

FILLOY: Yes, just wonderful. And so I acquired a woman cousin Marie Klaver on that side of the family. I have a lot of cousins on my mother's side. But only boys on the other side.

IRITANI: You were only two when they divorced.

FILLOY: Right. But there were two families. The Ewings and the Howes had intermarried--more than one side--I even had some double cousins.

IRITANI: Right.

FILLOY: So, it's been a lot of nostalgia, lots of catching up. My brothers are so dear to me. I was prepared to love them sort of abstractly, no matter what they were like, but they are both wonderful people.

IRITANI: As it turned out, they were just as educated --active . . .

FILLOY: Yes! Incredible!

IRITANI: And the fact that you said your mother was difficult.

FILLOY: She was, but had many positive qualities..

IRITANI: It's amazing how you were able to--despite all of her difficulties that she presented to you--that you were able to come out on the positive side of life.

FILLOY: Well, I think, generally I have. I'm not always the easiest-going person in the world. Of course, as you get older things were important . . .

IRITANI: That's all right for us.

FILLOY: . . .mellowed out and . . .

IRITANI: It's OK.

FILLOY: . . .it's easier not to be responsible--good children--and it's wonderful to see my grandchildren well cared for. I know so many grandparents who worry about either abuse and neglect of their grandkids. I never had to worry about that. I figure that if kids marry good people, you must have done something right.

IRITANI: That's right.

FILLOY: And my son and his wife just celebrated their 30th wedding anniversary. I'm very fond of both my daughter and son-in-law. The younger couple didn't marry as early but they are past twenty years now.

IRITANI: Well, that's the way it is now--don't even have children until you are forty.

FILLOY: Well, I was pretty young --not a teenager . So, they are doing well. And I miss my husband a lot. One of the downsides of my occupation is that you really can't socialize with your clients, so sometimes there are various people I like to be friends with are off limits for me. But as the years have gone by, I've lost a lot of good friends. So I find myself nostalgic and lonely for them--olden days. It is not easy to make close friends sort of too much life behind you. I try to keep active, as you know, in the Older Women's League. I'm a member of some organizations just to support them

like The League of Women's Voters; I rarely go to meetings but the subject that has brought us together has always interested me.

IRITANI: Getting back to that--you mentioned having given some . . .

FILLOY: Oh, yes. During our break, I did mention to you. I don't remember what year it was -it seems to me like maybe about six or seven years ago . . .

IRITANI: I think it was. [Simultaneous talking]

FILLOY: They had the exhibit of Sacramento History Museum on camps and the evacuation, and I realized that my friend Mich had sent me a compilation of students writing poetry and essays and stories from Topaz. I carried around all these years. And I thought it would be appropriate to have some more permanent place and more access to the public, so I got in touch with Wayne Maeda--I guess his name appeared in the papers--the curator they tell me. Anyway, he came over to pick this up. I made copies for myself, and we had a very interesting conversation. He has. . . . In it was a little story or essay by someone whose last name was [Yoshiko] Uchida.

IRITANI: Nishida?

FILLOY: No, Uchida.

IRITANI: O. Uchida?

FILLOY: U.

IRITANI: U-c-h-i.

FILLOY: And I remember reading about a professor and author at Cal who was shipped out just before she got her degree.

IRITANI: Yoshiko Uchida.

FILLOY: Yes. And so I sent her a copy and it turned out it was her sister's were [INAUDIBLE] and I understand she's since died--the professor.

IRITANI: Right. And Yoshiko Uchida died about four or five years ago now. I went to a memorial service for her.

FILLOY: Oh, did you? Well, she seems very pleased. I don't remember that she told me where her sister was.

IRITANI: In the East.

FILLOY: OK. But I thought she might like to have a copy--that she might be interested in her literary work. So I talked to a therapist now and then after my husband died, and she said to me one day, "You are a weaver." I said, "What do you mean?" She said, "Oh, you make connections with people." And I told her that I thought I wasn't so much a creative weaver as I was darning holes in my own life.

IRITANI: [LAUGHTER]

FILLOY: Because . . .

IRITANI: You also are a painter of pictures by words.

FILLOY: Perhaps, but it's really hard to convey some of the feelings that go on as I--I used the topic of the Japanese evacuation when I got to Cal--went to try out

for the debate team. The question of legality. I made it to the debate team. I didn't stay there too long because as soon as I got pregnant or schedule changed or what, because I was always working to put myself through school, but that got me a seat on that august body for a little while. Because I think I could speak about it with some passion--the unfairness. Even though I had not been so close to any of them and I think my children grew up at a table where we were pretty free of bias and prejudice and as a result I think they had a similar view. I'm sure there are other factors of influence in their own lives, but they were tiny children. We had friends of various colors and . . .

IRITANI: You began the process.

FILLOY: Well, I did credit--I don't know who I credited--I guess some alliance with the underdog as a result of my own position in life. My awakening through my friend who lived in Japan and then, you know, education goes a long way when you're reading about these things, and so I'm sure my work has somehow had some cause and effect because I came to realize how the famous early work in social work called "Common Human Needs," and that's what you see. The community, whatever their background is, has some basic common human needs, and that's what you relate to.

IRITANI: And your life is an example of the fact that you helped others to meet those needs. You obviously met your own needs.

FILLOY: Well, it hasn't been easy to be single after being married for forty-three years. When I was young, I never dreamed being a single adult before.

IRITANI: That's right. You were . . .

FILLOY: My mother . . .

IRITANI: You were a teen when you got married.

FILLOY: So, it's been very interesting. I certainly have not always been proud of everything I've done and have a good number of those regrets, but you have to be kind of forgiving of yourself.

IRITANI: That's right.

FILLOY: What you didn't know then or what you were capable of or what you . . .

IRITANI: We are all human enough to make some mistakes in our life, certainly, but like you say, you have to forgive yourself too.

FILLOY: Well, at least, take a gentle approach as you would with somebody else.

IRITANI: That's right.

FILLOY: I think I've had a very interesting life.

IRITANI: I think you have also, and I think you've had a very productive and continuing to be a productive person.

FILLOY: I hope so, because as I said, I do enjoy the work and there was a time when I thought people would not find me a suitable therapist and perhaps that's true, and I just don't know about it, because of my age. But I think particularly in sex therapy it's kind of comforting to people to have an older

person--sort of parental figure whose giving them permission to enjoy pleasure and understand themselves better. So far, people haven't fired me as far as I know.

IRITANI: I think that sounds great. I wish you well in continuing your work.

FILLOY: Thank you. You too, Joanne. This is very important.

IRITANI: I think what we have here is another way to look at the Japanese American experience.

FILLOY: Well, yes. It had an impact on me, as I said earlier, it can't compare with what it did to your lives. But it certainly was an informative feature.

IRITANI: I think, perhaps, we can close this session right here.

FILLOY: When I talked with Satsuki originally, she said, "You're making me cry." remembering our high school experiences. And I really think she's been . . .

IRITANI: She's much younger, but she has insight.

FILLOY: Right.

IRITANI: She is also a family therapist.

FILLOY: That's why I decided to write to her when I saw her column. I thought we had something in common.

IRITANI: You knew her before?

FILLOY: No, I didn't. I saw her column and I thought, well, we have these recollections in common and then career . . .

IRITANI: Very good. I will close this session and thank you very, very much, Beverlee, for this interview.

FILLOY: I hope it contributes in some way.

IRITANI: OK.

[END TAPE 2, SIDE A]

[TAPE 2, SIDE B IS BLANK]

[BEGIN TAPE 3, SIDE A]

[SESSION 2, February 24, 2000]

IRITANI: I am Joanne Iritani, and this is Session 2 with Beverlee Filloy. Today's date is February 24, 2000, and I am at Beverlee's home. Beverlee would like to add some more information to her oral history.

FILLOY: Thank you, Joanne. I appreciate your coming back. I believe that I mentioned in our first session some of my work with professional organizations, but I don't believe that I amplified that to any great degree. I've kiddingly said that carpenters measure wood in board feet. I could measure my life in board years, because by this time I've achieved probably close to 50 years' work experience board--positions. Locally, one of the first boards I was on was in helping to form the Planned Parenthood Association, which goes back to the early '60s. Also, during that time, we moved to obtain license for our profession. The Attorney General had ruled

that all the practicing as social workers were in violation of the law--that if we were practicing medicine without a license, and so I was one of the people in this community doing this with some of the others from the Bay Area and Los Angeles who worked very hard to establish first a certification program and then licensure. But prior to our obtaining our license--the social workers --a law was passed to enable people to become registered or licensed as Marriage, Family and Child Counselors. That's now known as Marriage and Family Therapist. And I was involved in that to a degree and actually hold license of "seven" which was numbering a name--a way-- and as I understand it, the six licensees preceding me have either retired or expired, and in one instance I think the fellow was drummed out of the corps for misbehavior . . .

IRITANI: [LAUGHTER]

FILLOY: . . . so I have continued to hold that license--the number one that I'm primarily devoted to and have worked most [INAUDIBLE] with the-- clinically and social work-wise, and I served on the Board of California Society for Clinical Social Work, which was a parallel organization growing partly out of our efforts to licensure for a total of sixteen years, including a period of presidency. I served on the California Institute for Clinical Social Worker Free Standing Doctoral Program that the Society helped to establish. I was on that Board for fourteen years. And in my capacity on

the State Board for Clinical Social Work as president, I eventually had about eight years on the Board of Federation of Society of Clinical Social Work, which is a national board, and prior to that I had served on the National Registry for Societies of Clinical Social Work. It's now known as the American Board of Examiners in Clinical Social Work, and I think I was there about seven years. Plus I am currently very involved with the Older Women's League and served on that board as vice president and co-chair for program.

IRITANI: That's the local . . .

FILLOY: That's the local chapter in the national organization, but we are most active here with the legislature and other issues regarding status of women, and particularly older women. In addition, there's activities which, as I said, number close to fifty years, I believe. I have undertaken the mentorship of some interns in the Society of Clinical Social Work Intern Program--Mentorship Program, and I found that work very gratifying. I am particularly close to one of my proteges. I was calling it the "mentee" until I was corrected. It was a delight to watch her practice, grow and develop after she received her license.

I also was one of the people who organized and taught for a good many years human sexuality courses under the auspices of the Society of Clinical Social Work after a time in the '70s in which the Legislature

decided that our training needed to include some specific information on human sexuality, and I taught courses for my colleagues and some people throughout the state for a good many years. All of that has been rewarding, watching the profession grow and develop and uphold the standard, both in treatment and in education, and I'm one of the colleagues across the country and other areas in the state as well as locally.

Prior to my husband's death, travel was high on our agenda. As I said earlier, he had immigrated to Costa Rica from Spain when he was just a toddler and remained close to his family in Costa Rica, so between 1949 and 1999, I have probably made twenty-five trips to Costa Rica. Of course, many of them with him but continued to cherish my connections with that family and have gone more frequently in these later years. We all are aging and feel very warm comforting connection to his family. They now feel like my family. We traveled-- besides going to Costa Rica, we traveled to Mexico and I spent greater time there without him. A friend of mine who runs a language school in Oaxaca or San Miguel Allende.

IRITANI: San Miguel Allende? A-L-L-E-N-D-E.

FILLOY: Correct. It's a big artist colony after World War 1--World War 11.

A lot of GIs⁸ were studying there and when the repressive folks in

⁸ GI: Any member of the U.S. armed forces, especially an enlisted soldier.

Congress in the [Joseph] McCarthy⁹ era cut off the benefits--they didn't think politically that was a good place for people to be in--many veterans and GIs and their families were stranded there for a time without their GI support. But it is a very interesting city and my husband wanted to enjoy some time in Mexico with me on more than one occasion. So to continue after his death, I have traveled to Italy, had lovely tour of Smithsonian Institute, and I've also gone to tour of the Greek Islands and saw some of Turkey. My husband and I went to Israel and Egypt. That was where he first became ill and cancelled some of our travel plans. We had visited England and Scotland and Ireland some years before, and I have, of course, returned to England to visit my brother who is at Oxford--an American professor--Rhodes--Professor of American History at Oxford. He had taught at UCLA for about nineteen years and had done some previous work at Oxford, both as a scholar and as an instructor, but when his position was offered, he decided to move to England. His wife keeps their home in Southern California, and . . .

IRITANI: And this brother's name . . .

⁹ Joseph McCarthy: U.S. Senator from Wisconsin 1947-'57; notorious for his charges of communist subversion in high government circles; censured by Senate 1954.

FILLOY: This is my brother Dan--Daniel Walker Howe. My other brother, John Langdon Howe, lives in New Hampshire and I was there in October for a wedding. One of his children--beautiful leaves were changing. And he's very much involved with his professional work as an engineer and works for one of the companies who is closely associated with our Defense Department. And I have just received today in the mail an invitation for a wedding on Cape Cod. One of his other children will be marrying later this year. But, in any event, my husband and I had also toured in France and Germany and made more than one trip to Spain to his sister's who still lives on property where my husband was born. Independently in connection with conferences and friends, I was able to attend the first International Conference on Orgasm which was held in New Delhi, India in the early '90s. In that trip, I spent a few days in Japan. One day in China. "Dear Diary: Today I went to China." Subsequently, we visited Nepal, Hong Kong, and Singapore. Very educational and enjoyable experience. Many cultural practices and the different view in both sexuality and human behavior in many ways.

IRITANI: So on that trip it was basically a tour group?

FILLOY: There was a tour group offered in connection with the conference. And it turned up in the middle of the Gulf War¹⁰. And many people were scared to go. I decided to go ahead with my plans, but because the conference attendance was somewhat down, I think the folks in India--the psychiatrist, and sexologist, who attended really went out of their way to make us feel welcome, and that was the special part of the experience. We had some inconvenience at the airports. As I understand it, India uses their airports both for civilians and military air travel and because of the war there were some delays, but that's part of life. I didn't stay home either when the Una Bomber¹¹ was threatening to blow up something July 4th a few years ago. I figured I'd take my chances and stick to my travel plans. It really was a very worthwhile experience. I about froze to death in Japan.

IRITANI: Oh, really? What month was that?

FILLOY: January.

IRITANI: January, no wonder. [LAUGHTER]

FILLOY: There was a young couple in our tour group from Malaysia on their honeymoon. He had brought nothing but shorts and . . .

¹⁰ Gulf War: Persian Gulf War in early 1991; 100 days; coalition of 39 countries against Iraq; also known as Operation Desert Storm.

¹¹ Una Bomber: Ted Kaczynski, serial terrorist who eluded authorities for 20 years while killing three people and injuring 23 others with mail bombs.

IRITANI: OH!

FILLOY: . . . with T-shirts and we went up in the snow in Northern Japan.

IRITANI: OH!

FILLOY: I felt sorry for them. We had to lend them my jacket and hats and whatever we had. Anyway, those were some of the travel plans that I've enjoyed, and I'm thinking of going back to Costa Rica in May this year.

My devotion to my profession parallels my earlier interest in teaching and generally I think to parenting because they are tied together by the sense that one is participating in the growth of other people, other institutions, with family and children, clients certainly, but of all the work I have done, as my son said when he gave us a brief address at the time I was honored as the Social Worker of the Year . . .

IRITANI: That was from . . .

FILLOY: That was from the Society of Clinical Social Work and I believe one of these photographs shows my son . . .

IRITANI: That Society is the national . . .

FILLOY: No, this is Statewide.

IRITANI: State.

FILLOY: This was the first Society in California and I was the Charter member and helped establish it while I was working for licensure. Anyway, in his address, he referred to himself and his sister as my "principal pieces of work," and I do agree with him. I take enormous pride in my children and their families, and I've always thought that the fact that my children chose very good people as mates is a sign that you've done something right along the way. And I've never had to worry about the welfare of my grandchildren of whom I'm very proud. My daughter-in-law and my son-in-law are both very special to me, and I've been happy with what they contributed to the grandchildren that I have, and I'm happy that my children have such good spouses. I hope they are as good spouses themselves. I think that covers many of the things that I wanted to say, except to add what I may have spoken about earlier that your questioning of me and my giving some thought to this process has really been more subjectively important than I realized. We all reflect on our lives to one degree or another, but when someone wants you to think back through a lot of years and a lot of occasions, it helps to make you feel like you've sort have knotted it together. I appreciate that and I appreciate your organization and your interest in my history.

IRITANI: Well, of course, initially it was because of Marion Kanemoto talking with you and learning about your connection with the Niseis, and you still are in contact.

FILLOY: Yes. I'm still connected.

IRITANI: I think that . . .

FILLOY: I'm still in contact with my good ol' friend Michihiko Hayashida in Hawaii. He wrote me a letter recently. But we go back almost 60 years now.

IRITANI: Yes. That's wonderful. So I think we are at the end here of this session. If you have-- unless you want to say something more about your future.

FILLOY: My future is somewhat troublesome to me at this point. I still enjoy my work but I know that I'll be 74 in a few days, and at some point I'm going to have to make a decision to either decrease to less than three days a week or to turn my energies elsewhere. I'm very torn about that. I think work does sustain one's life.

IRITANI: I think so.

FILLOY: When one enjoys it as much as I do, it's very hard to think--having worked all my life--what am I going to do for an encore?

IRITANI: [LAUGHTER]

FILLOY: So I am prepared within my head to talk about it with people, just hoping to stay as healthy as I am and thinking as long as I want.

IRITANI: And we wish you well . . .

FILLOY: Thank you.

IRITANI: . . . in all your future endeavors. If they continue in your work, great!

FILLOY: That would be fine, but, you know, we have to face the fact that all things change.

IRITANI: Right, all things do. All right, I shall close this interview at this point. Thank you very much, Beverlee.

FILLOY: Thank you, Joanne.

[END TAPE 3, SIDE A]

NAMES LIST

Florin Japanese American Citizens League
 Oral History Project
 California Civil Liberties Public Education Program Grant

INTERVIEWEE:

Beverlee Howe Filloy

INTERVIEWER:

Joanne Iritani

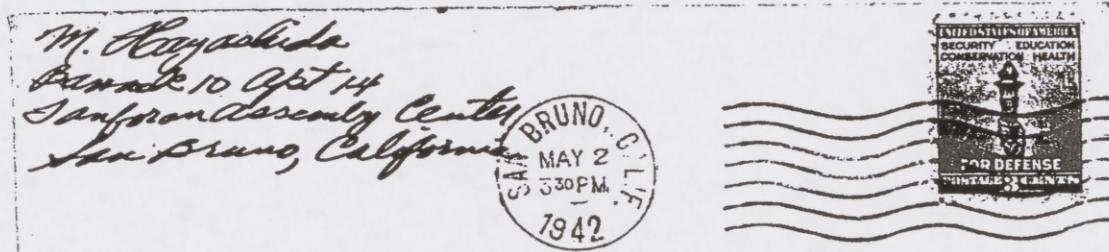
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*Miss Beverlee Howe
2230 Dwight Way
Berkeley, California*

May 1, 1942

Dear Beverlee.

As I lay sleeping on this bed, I am thinking of the old homestead. Yes, Beverlee, that's how much I think of Berkeley. I'm really going to miss that city.

The night before I left I had about three and a half hours sleep since I was so busy packing things and throwing unnecessary stuff away. The group I was in had to meet at the First Congregational Church at eight, Thursday morning, thus accounting for the short hours of sleep.

When the Greyhound bus rolled over the streets of Berkeley, I had a sunken feeling deep within me. It almost seemed as if I were a member of a funeral. The other people in the bus were quiet, for they too must have had that feeling. As the bus passed by certain streets in Berkeley and San Francisco I pictured in my mind certain interesting events which had occurred.

Finally, after one and a half hour's time, we reached our destination, Tanforan, one of the many horse tracks and fairgrounds which are being used as reception centers. Tanforan is located by San Bruno which is about a mile from the San Francisco airport.

There were five buses in our caravan. Our luggage was carried by large Bekin's storage trucks. When we first arrived and descended from our bus, we were searched for any contraband which we might have had. After that we were given a medical examination and then our barrack and apartment numbers.

With a little difficulty finding my room, I finally discovered that it was a two room horse stall. By the way, there are four other persons in the rooms also. The place had been only recently disinfected and it still smelled, but after a while I got used to it. The cot which I received is swell. There's a

regular mattress and spring. The poor people that arrived today have to sleep on straw ticks. There aren't any more mattresses. My room is about five yards square so you can imagine just about how crowded things are.

Life in camp is not so bad. You see your friends every day and eat, play and work with them. To many of the little kids it's just like a camping trip. Don't forget, there aren't any schools. The kids just roam around and play to their heart's content. The afternoon of the day we arrived it rained hard. The dirt walks became very muddy and all the trucks which were used in taking baggage to the owner's barrack got stuck at least once. Some folks who forgot their rubbers or boots sure regretted it.

Since there was a labor shortage in the baggage department, I helped all afternoon in the driving rain. Although I wore a raincoat, I got soaked and muddy. It was terrible, but I knew that there were people that needed their goods before nightfall so I kept on. As a result I now have a slight cold. The freezing mornings and nights here don't help at all.

Today I signed up for work and really got it. In the morning I filled ticks. It got so dusty in the barn that it was hard to breathe or see. In the afternoon I was more fortunate. I worked on the truck which took all the ticks out to the newcomers. When the job was finally finished it was eight o'clock.

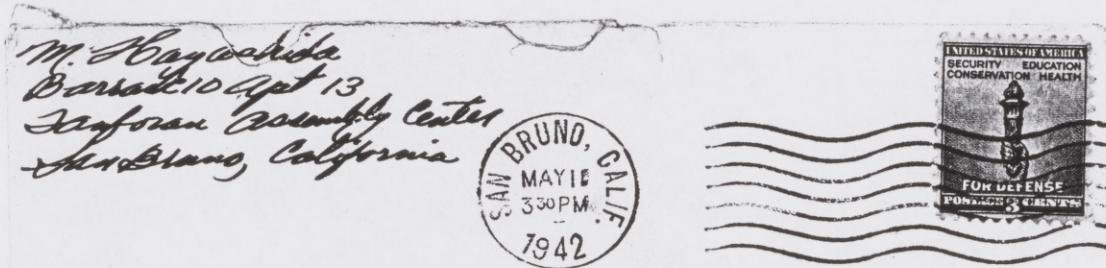
Although there are many more things which I would like to write about, I had better close now since I'm about the only person up around here. All the others have gone to sleep.

Well, wishing you luck and the best in the future, I remain

Sincerely yours,
Michihiko Hayashida

P.S. If it isn't too much trouble, could you please find out what kind of grade I received for the second report period.

P.P.S. Please say "hello" to Paula and Ida Marie for me.



Miss Beverlee Howe
2230 Dwight Way
Berkeley, California

May 7, 1942

Dear Beverlee,

You don't know how glad I was to receive your letter last night. The time was about eleven o'clock and I had just returned to my stable after a grueling fourteen hour day of heavy work. Another thousand persons arrived from Oakland and since there was so much baggage, much of it had not yet been delivered. Someone had to help deliver it to these unfortunate people (babies and other small children were no exception), so I volunteered.

There are hardly any flashlights in camp so the baggage crew on which I worked had a terrible time identifying the goods. Many mistakes were made, but the anxiously waiting people were grateful that they at least received their bedding. They figured that tomorrow would be another day and that they could straighten things out then.

When I saw the letter on my bed I immediately opened it and read it, for I was anxious to hear news from Berkeley, especially from you.

Yes, we never knew each other very well, but after reading the letter I somehow felt that I knew you better than I ever did when I used to live in Berkeley. There are certain things within it which will remain with me for quite a while and certain things within it which I don't think I quite understand.

You are right, Beverlee, when you said that people never appreciate anything until it has gone. I never knew that I'd miss Berkeley as much as I'm missing it now. I am quite certain that I will be able to return to Berkeley after the war is over.

I hope that I will at that time be able to continue my schooling. If possible I, too, hope to receive a scholarship because I'll be needing it. Much money was used in preparing for the evacuation and the money which I had hoped to use to the future was mostly spent for the more necessary things which were immediatey needed.

May 9, 1942

Most of the pupils now going to school don't know how lucky they are. When you're going to school you say that the school board of education ought to declare more holidays or shorter school hours. But I, who has had the experience of being literally torn away from school declare that schooling is among the priceless things on this earth.

There aren't any schools here and there won't be for quite a while. Even at that some persons who know much about the affairs about here told me that schools will be established only for children under sixteen which means that I won't be going to school. Ever since I arrived at this assembly center I haven't opened a book because I have been so busy.

At present I am working daily. I haven't had a day off yet since I started two Thursdays ago. Many times I have worked for ten to fourteen hours.

The job I have is that of riding a large truck and aiding the driver. Since new evacuees are continually arriving, our truck is always carrying baggage.

Two nights ago, there was a variety show in the large social hall where some talented artists which were chosen from the 5,000 people now assembled here participated. The program was very entertaining. There was a community sing, a bugle quintet, a magician act, singing, and other interesting performance.

On the way home from the show I walked with a talented San Francisco friend. After saying goodnight to him I walked down the long rows of barracks toward my home. Many of the buildings were yet still lighted. Then I came across a stretch of land which looked dark, unfriendly, and treacherous. Finally I reached my destination. As I am writing this letter I am thinking of how much that walk is similar to that which is happening to me now. Before the war began, I was walking along my way between the well lit buildings. There weren't very many worries. I was going to school and enjoying it. I had a home, a real home. All in all I had just about everything I wanted. Now with the war in progress I picture myself going along the long, dark and unfriendly road. The road which is going to lead to my future; the road which I am in now.

Home would represent the returning to Berkeley; the continuing of my education; the acquirement of a secure place for the rest of my life. Will I ever get there? He and only He knows.

At this camp are just about all of the Japanese students that attended Berkeley High. Hiroshi, Saburo, Minoru, and all the rest are here. Most of the fellows have jobs since there is almost nothing else to do. One of the biggest problems in the evacuation program is that which deals with idleness. Those who have nothing to do just get bored stiff. Hiro was working as a guide to newcomers. The assembly center is so large and the numbering of the barracks so complicated that someone is needed to show the newcomers whether they're coming or going.

I received my report card (many thanks to you) on the same day that I received your letter. I hope that I didn't inconvenience you too much.

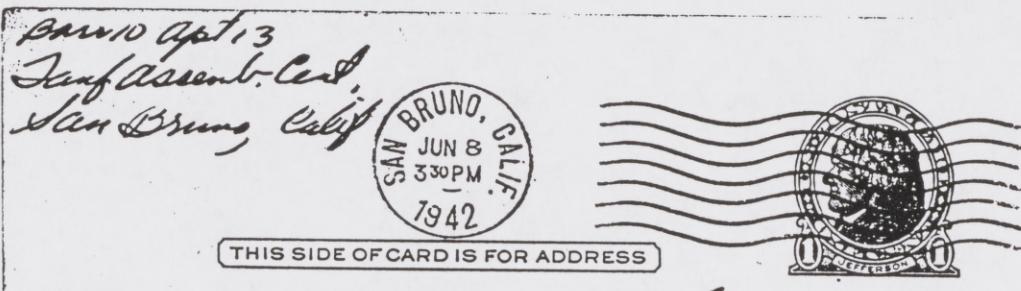
The teachers must have gotten "big-hearted" in my case (in your case you really deserved what you received) since I also received five "A's" for the second report period. Although I received those grades I don't think that I deserved one or two of them. I have a guilty conscience since I think that my being evacuated must have affected them in some way.

Well, since the letter is getting to be quite long and the time late (I worked about twelve hours again today), I had better close saying: Yes, Beverlee, I will carry on, and that I know it will be for the best.

Sincerely yours,
Michihiko Hayashida

P.S. Please give Tommy my congratulations for his placing in the Alameda meet. I think that if he had a little more experience that he'd be one of the best runners in the league.

P.P.S. Thanks again for your trouble in acquiring my report cards.



Miss Beverly Howl
3230 Dwight Way
Berkeley, California

Dear Beverly,

I'm very glad to hear that you have a chance of coming. The hours between which persons may visit are: 10-12 AM and 1-4 P.M. No visitors are allowed on Mondays. If you come in an auto, you have to leave it outside. Upon entering the center you receive a visitor's pass upon which is written your description. Don't lose it.

If you can tell me the day and time that you may arrive I'll be waiting in the reception hall or, if it's a weekday, I'll be working just below it in the warehouse. I'll be notified by a dispatcher at the time you arrive.

Michi

WCCA FORM TSO-4

Western Defense Command and Fourth Army
Wartime Civil Control Administration

Assembly Center

VISITOR'S PASS

No. _____

1942

ADMIT _____

TO VISIT _____

AT: TIME _____ PLACE _____

PURPOSE OF VISIT _____

CONTRABAND? YES NO INSPECTED BY _____

TIME ADMITTED MAIN GATE _____

TIME ADMITTED VISITORS' HOUSE _____

TIME OUT MAIN GATE _____

TIME DEPARTED VISITORS' HOUSE _____

SIGNED _____

GOOD ONLY FOR
DAY OF ISSUE

FOR _____

Center Manager

To be made out in Duplicate. Original to be retained by Visitor until departure from Center, Duplicate to be surrendered to Military Police Guard at entrance to Center.



*Miss Beverlee Bone
3230 Wright Way
Berkeley, California*

10 - 13
Tanforan Assembly Center
San Bruno, Calif.
September 19, 1942
Saturday afternoon

Dear Beverlee,

A lot of things happened since I wrote you last about three and a half to four weeks ago. It was about that time when we first officially received news that we were finally going to be relocated. The place of relocation was not announced, but then almost everyone had a strong "hunch" that we would go to Utah which eventually proved to be true.

It was on September 9th exactly ten days ago, that the first contingent of workers left this camp. The 214 of them gathered at five o'clock at one of the laundries to have their baggage checked. Their freight was inspected previously during the day. There were many persons to see them off, and I noticed that there was hardly any feeling of sadness, of sorrow, in the air.

There were no children in the first group. Among those who left were doctors, nurses, nurse's aides, orderlies and others of the medical staff to start the hospital. There were also recreational, social, farming, and lodging and mess leaders to begin their respective jobs of getting things ready for the evacuees to follow.

Many letters were received by evacuees here in camp from the 214. The majority of the letters described the trip and just what happened along the way. Their train crossed the Dumbarton, across to Oakland, thru BERKELEY, by Martinez, thru the valley, past Truckee, across the wastelands of Nevada, and thence into Utah with a stopover at Ogden, from whence came the letters, then on to Abraham.

At night the train had its shades down due to the dimout, but after ten thirty when all lights on the train were extinguished, they were allowed to peer out into the darkness. During the days the shades were up in contrast to the trains carrying potential "enemy aliens" which had its shades down all the way during their trip. (By the term "enemy aliens" I mean those persons who were seized by the F.B.I. shortly after the outbreak of the present conflict. These persons were transferred from the coastal areas to internment camps in Montana, New Mexico, Colorado, North Dakota, etc.)

The letters also gave recommendations as to just how much hand baggage should be brought on the train, the bringing of a blanket and pillow for comfort in the coaches, and the bringing of reading materials onto the train.

All invalids, mothers with babies under two years of age, and old folks go on pullmans; the rest on coaches. I imagine I'll feel quite sore all over at the end of the trip.

On September 15th the first large group of evacuees left. This group numbered about 500 with all the groups to follow during the coming days. Today being the nineteenth, just about 2000 persons will have left.

The groups are picked, in general, according to mess halls. According to the plan now in use my mess hall was supposed to move next to last but apparently the administrative staff isn't following it too closely since the section will be cleared of persons not essential to the evacuation by September 21.

As it is now, my family left three days ago so I'm left here alone since I'm working, as you know, in the warehouse. I'll follow upon the the last train. I don't mind tho since I'm sure I won't have to go through the hustle and bustle which they experienced. When I leave, the system in use will become efficient and I, along with the other workers won't have to "beat around the bush" in order to get things accomplished, also, when I arrive there I won't have to worry if I'll receive my baggage right away or wait two or three days before it arrives. I don't mind washing my clothes and ironing them making my bed, keeping my room clean, etc. By doing these daily tasks I appreciate more the little things which my mother does for me. So, Beverlee, my days here on the coast are numbered. When and if I do come back I don't know. I only hope it isn't too distant.

The biggest worry of mine at present is my education. According to the way I have it planned now I'm going to finish my high school education as soon as possible and, if I can--to get a BHS diploma. As to getting a BHS

diploma I asked one of the educational leaders here if I should write to Mr. Le Tendre. He replied that he would do that for me thru the education department and also at the same time ask if I were eligible to be promoted. You see, Beverlee, those persons who attended BHS and various other high schools around the bay region who were enrolled as members of Tanforan high had letters sent, by request, to their respective high schools asking just what was the status of those persons who were forced to leave. I am happy to say that BHS gave an immediate reply and said that all those persons who were on the list received by them with the exception of Frank Kami were considered promoted to the next grade. The students' records and recommendations were also given. Frank Kami was the exception since he had left BHS so early during the semester.

Furthermore, the leader told me that the credits which I receive at the WRA school may be referred back to the high school formerly attended provided of course, you were at least a high junior or senior. My plan is that I take no matter what those subjects which I was taking when I left BHS, and refresh my memory first. Oh yes, I'm also going to take public speaking. I think that it shall be a necessity in the future.

If my credits are referred back to BHS everything's o.k.; if not I'll write to Mr. Le Tendre to ask if I could correspond; of course, with the approval of the faculty. If Mr. Le Tendre gives me the approval (keep in mind the time factor) I'll still have time to finish up what I didn't complete at BHS. I guess I seem pretty anxious to finish my high school education Beverlee and there's a reason for it.

I have a chance for a scholarship provided I finish my HS education. That means a lot. I had to turn one down already because I hadn't finished so this time I'm going to be prepared. I'm hoping that if I do get one it will come at the beginning of the fall semester of next year because then there won't be too great a lapse of time after I finish high school and am prepared for college.

And so with the noise of persons busily banging away with hammers to make crates & sound of trucks roaring by I'll close for now.

Mich.

M. HAYASHI 100
7-9-C
CUWRAD
TO 992, UTAH

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS



MISS BEVERGE HOWE
2230 Dwight Way
Berkeley, California

Dear Mr. —
Congratulations upon
being elected presy
of C.S.F.H.
I'm writing this postcard
to again ask a favor.
A student body organization
is going to set up here at
S.F. High.
If possible, could you
get a copy of B.H.S.'s Constitution
and By-Laws? I'd like very
much to have the school
also represented when a
study for our Constitution
is being made.
There are at least 50 differ-
H.S. ~~are~~ represented as
in making the study,
we'd like to see B.H.S.'s.
I'll give more details
later if you're interested
S. Charles, ~~in~~ 100

H. HAYASHIDA
7-9-C
CUMRAH
TOPAZ, UTAH

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS



MISS BEVERLEE HOWE
2230 DWIGHT WAY
BERKELEY, CALIF.

DEAR BEVERLEE 12/26/42

PLEASE, PLEASE FORGIVE
FOR NOT HAVING ANSWERED
YOUR LETTER YET.
THE REAL REASON FOR
IT IS THAT I'VE BEEN
SO DARN BUSY WITH
THE FRAMING OF THE
HI SCHOOL CONSTITUTION
FOR THE PAST MONTH
THAT I HAVEN'T BEEN
ABLE TO DO MUCH ELSE.
BEING ABSENT FROM
SO MANY CLASSES, I
HAVE TO CATCH UP
AND MAINTAIN MY SCHOOL
WORK. THIS CHRISTMAS
HOLIDAY SEASON HAS ALSO
TAKEN UP MUCH TIME.
I RECEIVED THE N.Y. CARD
AND HAVE SENT IT TO MY
BROTHER WHO IS NOW SERVING
WITH INTELLIGENCE OVERSEAS,
THANKS - MICH

After 5 days, return to
NATIONAL JAPANESE AMERICAN STUDENT
RELOCATION COUNCIL,
1201 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



WAR RELOCATION AUTHORITY

WASHINGTON,

To Miss Beverlee Howe
2230 Dwight Way
Berkeley, California

Dear Sir: Madam:

MICHIHIKO HAYASHIDA has given your name as a reference in connection with an application to leave a relocation center of this Authority for employment, education, or residence elsewhere.

We should appreciate it if you would give us your opinion of this individual with respect to such matters as the extent of Americanization through education and upbringing, general standing and reputation in the community, and occupational abilities. If you have ever employed the applicant, a statement concerning the quality of the work performed for you would be helpful.

An addressed envelope which needs no postage is enclosed for your reply.

Sincerely yours,

D. S. Myer
D. S. Myer
Director

Enclosure

In your reply please refer to
the following:

Central Utah

7-9-0

March 8, 1943
Berkeley, California

March 8, 1943

War Relocation Authority
Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen:

During the three years that I have known Michihiko Hayashida, (7-9-C, Central Utah), I have seen him prove himself responsible, industrious, neat, modest, capable and appreciative. He possesses, in my opinion, intelligence, initiative, resourcefulness, aptitude and a fine personality.

My first acquaintance with him was at Berkeley High School, Berkeley, California, where he was continuously an Honor Student--in fact the last grades he received for work accomplished up to the time of his departure for Tanforan were the highest possible in every subject. His teachers, I am certain, considered him among the best students in his classes. There are several on the faculty of Berkeley High who would undoubtedly recommend him.

In regard to the extent of his Americanization I would say without reservation that he is as fine an American as I have ever known. His education has undoubtedly been American, as has been (so far as I know) his upbringing. I am not acquainted with his parents, but I do know that an older brother of Michihiko's is serving overseas in the U.S. Army. Also Michi has been a member of the Boy Scouts of America.

His spirit of cooperation was demonstrated in the early stages of the assembly and relocation work. He was among the first groups to leave for Tanforan, and immediately began assisting the later arrivals. He worked twelve and fourteen hours a day for sometime in the baggage department and later in the warehouse. His enthusiasm and attachment to democratic principles were exhibited by the splendid attitude in which he accepted the alien descendant evacuation. I cannot question the need for such action on the part of the authorities, but I can recognize that for one who, by right of birth, shared the ideas of liberty, equality and justice with all those who are true Americans, it must have been extremely difficult to give up his freedom knowing that he was not alien but American. However, he has realized that in cooperating he was serving this country as best he could, and he has expressed no bitterness over the situation.

He has endeavored to maintain his contact with the one thing that meant the most to him--his chance for education. He purchased a Berkeley High School student-body card for the Fall-term 1942 and a year-book, even though he was 700 miles away and could not possibly hope to enjoy the privileges of either. These are small, inconsequential things indeed, and yet they point to the extent to which he has been Americanized.

I do not know the particulars of Michihiko's application to leave Topaz. If it is for further education, he is indeed capable and worthy of such an opportunity; if it is for some other purpose, I am confident that he will serve faithfully in whatever capacity he is able. He is, in my opinion, deserving of every consideration his application might be shown.

If you wish any additional information I shall be glad to assist you if I am able.

Sincerely yours,

M. J. Hayashi
7-9-C
Topaz, Utah

air mail



VIA AIR MAIL

Miss Beverlee Koon
2224 Dwight Way
Berkeley, California

7-9-C
CUWRAP
Topaz, Utah
September 5, 1943

Dear Beverlee,

Every second, every minute it takes me to write this letter brings me further away from Berkeley. Yes, I'm on my way east to Boston to attend Boston University. It all happened rather suddenly so I didn't get an opportunity to write to you any sooner.

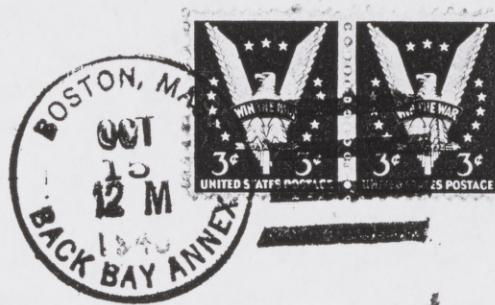
It's rather difficult to write in a moving train so I won't be able to say much. For recommending the book "The Nazarene" to me I wish to thank you sincerely. Later I'll tell you what kind of an effect it had on me.

We'll arrive in Omaha in a few minutes--Chicago in the morning. I should be in Boston on Tuesday morning--the 1st day of registration.

If I want to mail this in Omaha I'll have to close now. I'll write a much more complete letter as soon as I can upon arriving at Boston.

Sincerely,
Mich

190 Season Street
Boston 16, Mass.



Miss Beverlee Home
2234 Dwight Way
Berkeley 4, California

October 11, 1943

Dear Beverlee,

To be writing to you from the historic city of Boston way on the other side of the United States certainly is a queer feeling. So many things have happened since the last time I wrote to you that I, too, know scarcely where to begin.

The graduation exercises which we had in Topaz will stand out in my mind not just because it marked the completion of our high school years, but rather since it was more of a monument to the graduating students. Here they were, a group of students from a large number of high schools in the Bay Region who were able to get together, to get organized so that their last year in high school would be one in which they wouldn't lack any of the joys of being Seniors if they were back in their former schools. They cooperated fully with each other, formed clubs, committees, and organizations to carry on the functions of the seniors and the school. They worked, laughed, and played together; they had dances, a field day, student government day, a carnival, sports teams, scholarship fund drives, and a host of other events, and on top of all this they studied and did the best possible under the circumstances. The lighting was poor, the schoolrooms were bare barracks save for a lone stove & a few wooden benches and tables, on wet days the walks were slushy and

slippery, there wasn't any auditorium, there was a shortage of books. Yes, conditions were such that a person could have easily become discouraged. But these students overlooked these inconveniences and made up for them in other ways. Even for graduation, thru the tireless efforts of the various graduation committees, they were able to have a Senior Week and a formal graduation & a journal. True, they weren't able to have some of the things they might have wanted, but they were satisfied with what they had and made the best of them. At our exercises we had cap and gowns, a huge platform to seat all of the graduating students, printed programs, student speakers, a school hymn of our own, and an audience of about 3,000 persons. The first graduating class of Topaz High School certainly has a right to be proud of its achievements.

Soon following graduation, I went to Salt Lake City to be employed at St. Mark's Hospital. I went there asking for and receiving the position of night houseman and elevator operator. It doubtless must not sound like very much of a job, but there were several reasons for wanting it. First of all, since I am planning to become a doctor eventually I felt that here was a good opportunity to actually work in a hospital and become accustomed to its atmosphere; then, since it was a night job, I would be able to talk to the doctors and nurses on duty and learn a great deal; I would be able to come into contact with patients and see how they reacted and, among others, I would once more have the opportunity to be in a city again.

As I look back upon that brief period of employment I feel now as I did then, that I did the right thing in working at the hospital. I could have gone to the country to work on some ranch picking fruit and earning more money for school than at the hospital, but I felt that in the long run, it would be much wiser to work at the hospital.

My duties consisted of sweeping and mopping the various business offices, waxing and polishing any of the floors which needed it, doing a little woodwork, running the elevator, assisting the nurses in emergency cases, and supplying oxygen to the various patients whose tanks were emptied between ten and seven which were my hours. Three of the patients to whom I was supplying oxygen died (Don't blame me.) I can go into the details, but I don't think you'd be interested especially upon considering the manner in which you described some mothers in labor. I heard plenty of that, too.

The most interesting part of the work was in assisting the nurses in emergency cases. Here there would be an ambulance come speeding into the ambulance drive usually with its sirens going full blast. The patient would be lifted off and brought to the elevator. He would then be taken to his ward & put into bed. The doctor was called and usually some medicines called for. During all this, I had to be present to do whatever I could to help. Once I was really frightened when I was bringing a patient with a compound fracture of the left leg which was impacted to his ward. As I went along pushing the wheelchair, he suddenly grasped the railing & momentarily swung the wheelchair right to the head of the stairway. If I were going very rapidly, he

would have toppled over & down the stairs with his broken leg and with the wheelchair probably right on top of him! I guess it was my fault for going so near the railing; I learned a lesson then.

[Section omitted.]

While I was at the hospital, I was communicating with the National Japanese American Student Relocation Council on matters concerning school. Since I had to apply for a scholarship with the Methodist Board, I was rather limited in my choices since the Board prefers to give aid to students attending or desiring to attend Methodist affiliated institutions. I was given three choices--Syracuse U., Ohio Wesleyan, and Boston U.--all fairly good schools offering good pre-medical training. Upon studying the catalogues, I asked to have my records sent to Syracuse U. for possibility of entrance into that school. To my not now so great dismay, I was informed that Syracuse U. had already accepted as many Nisei students as they thought could be "absorbed." My only alternative therefore was Boston U. By this time, the month of September was just around the corner so there was little time left. Fortunately, Boston U. accepted my application immediately and informed me that school was commencing on September the seventh. Upon previous arrangement with the superintendent, I left the job and returned to Topaz to see my parents and stay a couple of days before coming East. I had the trip planned so that I would arrive in Boston on the morning of the seventh.

The train trip was altogether very good, considering war time conditions. Since I traveled by coach, the posterior end did get a little tired, but the enjoyment I received from the trip easily compensated for it. Actually seeing the vast farm lands of the Middle West, the vast fields of corn and the cities of Chicago, Cleveland, Omaha, and others did more to help me understand the nature of this country than books ever did.

I was met at the station by a fellow student of Boston U. and a person from the Boston U. School of Theology. They immediately brought me to a home in Brookline, a suburb of Boston, to recuperate from the trip. As it turned out I didn't get any rest. In the afternoon I went to school to register and to speak with the Registrar about financial arrangements. I was able to come to school because I was receiving a scholarship from the Methodist Board of Education and also from the Topaz Student Aid Fund. The amount of money from these two sources was to pay for my tuition. I wanted to ask the Registrar if the money had arrived yet. It hadn't, but he permitted me to enroll anyway.

The completion of my first month in Boston certainly has been rather hectic. So far I've lived in four different homes already, staying as a guest. The place where I am now, the International Institute of Boston, is going to be permanent. As I think I've mentioned before, I have to do part time work in order to pay for my expenses, so I'm doing about eight hour's work a week here. In addition, to earn my meals, I was working at a French restaurant as a

pantryman. I had to prepare the desserts so that the waitresses didn't have to cut their own pies or cakes for the patrons. I also made the coffee and served the milk, crackers and cheese, tomato juice, biscuits or rolls or whatever else related was on the menu. The work was simple and the meals which I received in exchange were excellent, but it took too much time. During the one week I worked there, I put in about twenty five hours. This coupled with the eight hours I put in at the Institute meant that my studies were suffering. All during that week I went to bed around one o'clock or a little later. By that time I was thoroughly exhausted.

I explained the situation to Monsieur Dreyfus, the proprietor, and he agreed that it was taking too much time and said that I could leave at any time. I left after he found someone to take my place. I'm now temporarily, while looking for another job, eating my "meals" at home. I wish I knew how to cook; perhaps you can give me a few hints. I'm eating things which are the simplest to prepare. Maybe I ought to purchase a book on "How to Cook in Three Easy Lesson." (Don't laugh--my stomach is having a hard enough time as it is!)

This semester I'm only carrying 14 1/2 units. The subjects are advanced first year chemistry, zoology, German, English Comp., and Physical Education. The Eng Comp & Phys Ed are required subjects. I wanted to take either College Algebra, Analytical Geom., or General Psychology in addition, but it didn't work out with my program.

[Section omitted]

Well, how have you been coming along, Beverlee. I imagine you're preparing now to enter Cal. When I compare the \$27.75 semester tuition with the \$170 tuition here, well- - - .

[Section omitted]

. . . Being one child of a family of twelve children I ought to know something about it. Come to think of it, this Holiday Season will be the first I'll be spending away from home. I won't be able to gather around the Christmas tree and sing a few songs and offer a prayer with the family followed by the distribution of the presents. My brother in the South Pacific must have had the same feeling. (I have two brothers in the Army now. Another recently volunteered for the combat team at Camp Shelby composed entirely of volunteers from the relocation center and the Hawaiian Islands. He was inducted about a month ago.)

I was wondering if you'd like to have a graduation picture of mine. It isn't much, but I hope you'd accept it as a token of my appreciation for all you've done. There isn't even a frame, but I'll get one. You see, it was printed and developed in the relocation center. It was an unexpected surprise

to have them at all, but due to some people who were interested in us, we were able to have them.

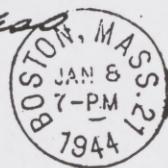
The hospital where I worked also had a school for student nurses. One of the many things which they had to do was to have a brief chapel service every morning at 5:30. (It was affiliated with the Episcopal Church.) When they sang their hymns it sent cold chills running up & down my spine. As the nurses sang accompanied by the organ, I'm sure that the patients too who were able to hear it must have had their thoughts and feelings lifted. Possibly I've mentioned it before, but there is one line of a song which runs over & over in my mind. It's from the hymn "The Church's One Foundation"--

"One Lord, One Faith, One Birth"

Since I excuse your tardiness, I hope you'll excuse this. Till later,

Sincerely yours,
Mich

190 Beacon St.
Boston 16, Mass.



BY MAIL

Miss Beverly Howe
2234 Dwight Way
Berkeley 4, California

January 7 1944

Dear Beverly,

I'm sorry but I won't be able to get my letter off to you until later. The house superintendent had a rather bad fall from a ladder the other day and consequently, besides studying for my finals which are next week, I've had to put in nearly eight hours of work a day. It's rather unfortunate that this had to happen, but I'll have to make the best of it.

Till later,
Wich

EXTRA

TOPAZ TIMES

TRI-WEEKLY

Special edition

TOPAZ, UTAH

Monday, January 31, 1944

FIRST 121 TOPAZ YOUTHS
NAMED IN INITIAL DRAFT

The names of the first 121 Topaz youths cleared for selective service since the new order became effective last week are listed below as revealed by Hillman Davies of the Millard County draft board today.

* * * * *

ADACHI, Sachi - *PEPS MINNIE SOCIAL*
 AIZAWA, Seiji - *ELMHURST* *ELMHURST COLLEGE*
 AJINO, John Yoshio
 AOKI, Shozo
 Aoyagi, Kiyoshi *SIMPSON COLLEGE*
 AOLAGI, Stanley Tadao
 AGAI, Akira
 ASHIZAWA, Masao - *BOSTON U*
PRES. OF HAN SCHOOL
 RANDO, Iwao - *CHEMICAL ENGINEER*

FUJIKAWA, Osamu Sam

FUJITA, Saburo

FUKAMI, Sadayoshi Paul

HANAMOTO, Johnnie Yoshio

HARADA, Calvin Kenichi

HARAWAKI, Chiko

HIRANO, Roy Yoshiharu

HASHIMOTO, George Katsumi

HAYASHI, Fred Susumu

HAYASHI, Paul Hajime

HAYASHIDA, Michihiko

HIGASHI, Hiroshi

HIRABAYASHI, Irvin M.

HIRASHIMA, Hiroshi

HONDA, Hiroshi

HONDA, Jun

HONDA, Paul Hitoshi

Hass. PHARMACOL

ICHIMARU, Mike Y.

IDA, James - *NEBRASKA U.*

IKA, Kame Seiko

IKEGAKI, Kanji

IMACHI, Takeshi

INATOLE, Toshi Joseph - *U. OF*
DETROIT

KARIYA, Takashi
 KASHIMA, Takaaki Peter
 KASHIWABARA, Yoshimi
 KATO, Kazuo Ellis
 KAWAGUCHI, Masaru
 KAWAMORITA, Joe
 KAWATA, Hajime
 KIMURA, Tony Toneo
 KIRIHARI, James K.
 KITA, Mikihiko
 KITA, Shigeo
 KITAGAWA, Goro Peter
 KOMARU, Haruzo
 KOMATSU, Ori (F)
 KOTAKE, Kingo
 KUBOTA, Kay Takashi
 MACHIDA, Sumio James
 MARUYAMA, Shizuye
 MATSUURA, George
 MINAMOTO, Howard
 MIYAMOTO, Richard Toshio
 MIYAZAKI, Minoru
 MIZUHARA, Daniel
 MIZUHARA, Jack
 MORITA, Jack Shigeru
 MORITA, Masashi Walton

NAKAGAWA, Nobori Buddy
 NAKAHARA, William Takeo
 NAKAMURA, Takeshi Harry
 NAKANO, Hiroshi Jim - *U. OF CONNECT*
 NAKATA, Takeo
 NARASAKI, Richard Matsuo
 NARUO, William
 NEIMOTO, Howard Tsuguo

OKU, George Shiro
 OKUDA, Teizo
 OSHIMA, William Susumu - *DAYTON*
 OZAKI, Katsumi

SAITO, David Hideo
 SASAGAWA, Frank Satoshi
 SATO, Yoki George
 SHIJO, Shigeo Joseph
 SHIMOMURA, Kenichi Andres
 SHIOZAWA, Ritsuye *HIGH. STATE NORMAL*
 SUIMOTO, Ben Tsutomu
 SUYEHIRO, Masato
 SUYEYASU, Shinichi William

TAJIMA, Roy
 TAKAHASHI, Shigeru
 TAKAKI, Kenichi John
 TAKAKUWA, Yoshio - *N.Y.U.*
 TAKATSUNO, Tsutomu Joe
 TAKEUCHI, Frank K.
 TAKAKI, Joe
 TAKAMI, Osamu
 TAN, Masamichi
 Tani, Paul Yoshiro - *HEIDELBERG*
PEPS OF FRESH CLA
 TODA, James Kimio
 TODA, James Yukio
 TOGUCHI, Eichi Ikia
 TONIKA, Toshio Tom
 TSUMORI, Himeo - *ELMHURST*

WATANABE, Hisashi

YAMAMURA, George Kiyoshi *H.S. SENIOR CLAS.*
PREKSY
 YAMANE, Kenji
 YONEKURA, Satoshi
 YOSHIDA, Hideo
 YOSHIDA, Makoto
 YOSHIDA, Masamitsu
 YOSHII, Kazuo
 YOSHIOKA, George

190 Beacon St.
Boston 16, Mass.



FILE MAIL

Miss Beverlee Home
2234 Dwight Way
Berkeley, Calif., California

February 5, 1944

Dear Beverlee,

Enclosed is something [copy of the *Topaz Times*, Extra edition] which I believe is self-explanatory. I've underlined the names of persons who were formerly from Berkeley. This is only the first group from our relocation center. Others will soon follow. You'll notice that Frank Kami, Hiro Higashi, and Sab Fujita are among the just to be called up.

As I've previously mentioned to you, almost all persons of Japanese [ancestry] were put into the 4-C classification with the outbreak of the war. In this class are persons considered enemy aliens. During the latter part of last year, the WRA completed its screening process, the process by which they segregated the "good" from the "bad." Most of us felt that the draft would again be open to us soon after its completion; it has.

On January twentieth of this year the War Department announced that persons of Japanese ancestry hereunto ineligible for the draft would be reclassified. On January thirty-first, the announcement came out in the center that the following 121 youths were named for the initial draft.

So it is, Beverlee, that for the second time for many of us, we are being uprooted. Undoubtedly with the reopening of the draft, the relocation program will be greatly hampered, especially now when it was beginning to

gain momentum. Security was one if not the principal reason which delayed the relocation of the people. Now with the drafting of brothers, fathers, and husbands there is not so much of that.

Perhaps, Beverlee, you won't have to mail back the journal which I sent. I have a hunch that upon being inducted, I'll be visiting Berkeley for a couple of days.

So it is that I, along with the 120 other fellows, am now awaiting orders to report for induction. My sister said that it might be a month before I receive my orders or a little later, since I'm way out here. In any case I hope that I'll be able to accomplish enough work to receive credit for this semester's work.

Most of the fellows in this draft are eighteen and nineteen year olds who registered while in the center. Many of them are fellow graduates.

Well, Bev, I'll have to begin making out my outline for the talk I'm giving next Sunday in a church located about fifty miles from here. So until later--

Sincerely yours,
Mich

M.H.B-10841000

International Institute
of Boston, Inc.
190 BEACON STREET
BOSTON 16, MASS.



BUY U.S. SAVINGS
BONDS
ASK YOUR POSTMASTER



Miss Beverlee Stone
2234 Dwight Way
Berkeley 4, California

October 29, 1944

Dear Beverlee,

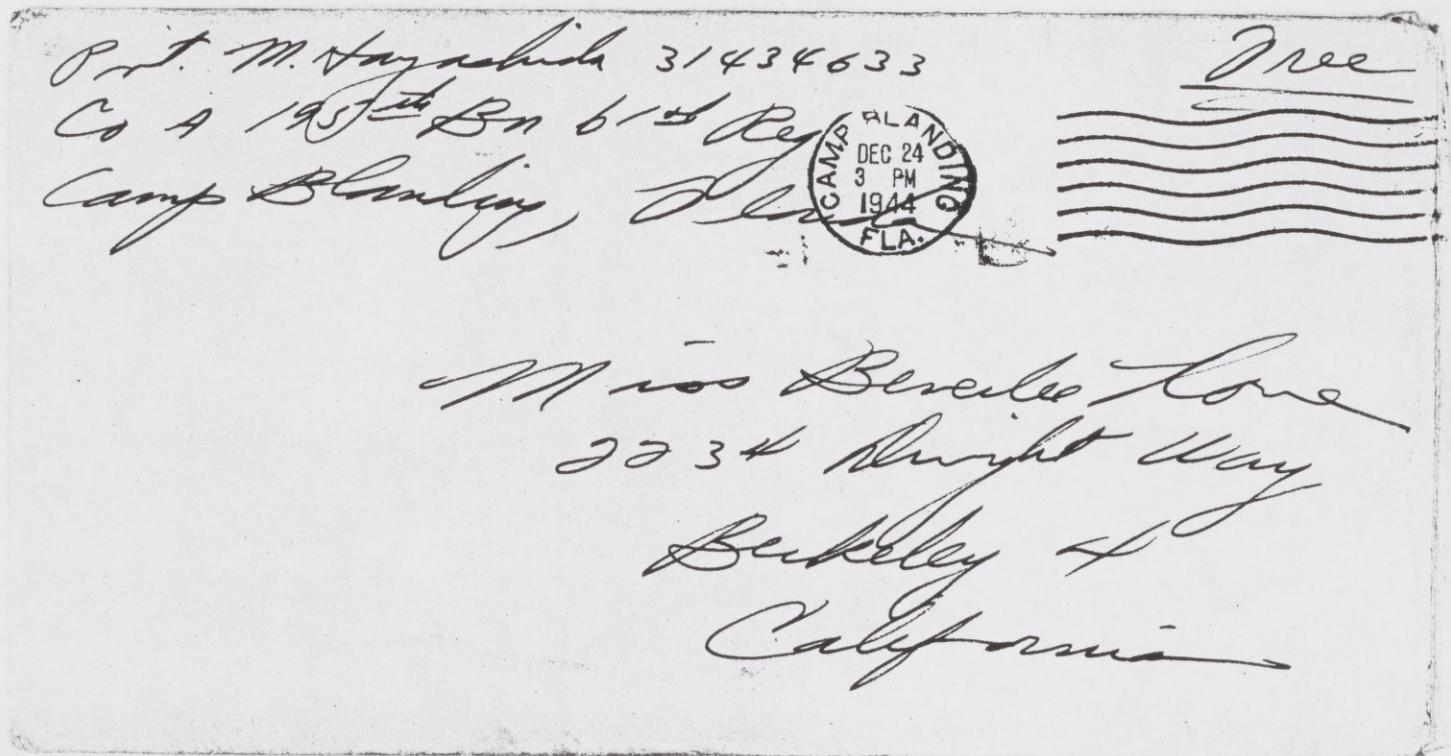
Just a short note in the midst of my packing, withdrawing from school, clearing up all financial and social "obligations" in this city to tell you that I have received your epistle. Before I go any further, my best wishes and sincerest congratulations to you! and to Jose! There's as much to your letter that I should take time to make my answer. Truly you have gone through a wonderful experience. My answer will probably come when I am settled here or there.

Yes, Beverlee, my orders to report for active service has finally arrived. It came on Thursday afternoon's mail. I'm to report on Friday, November third, which will be about the time you receive this, to the commanding officer at Fort Devens, Ayers, Massachusetts. There, I, along with Henry Yamashiro another former Berkeleyan, will begin my Army life. In all probability, Henry and I will be sent South for our basic training to one of the camps in Florida, Mississippi, (Jose's in Jackson, Miss.?), or Texas. After basic we'll probably be sent to join the 442nd Regiment at Camp Shelby, Mississippi.

With this turn of events, it doesn't look as though I'll be able to visit Berkeley after all, much to my regret. Please extend to Elizabeth my sincerest thanks for her invitation.

The church bells are beginning to ring now, calling all worshipers to service. I'd hate to miss this last service as a civilian for awhile so until I'm more settled in some Army camp--.

Sincerely,
Mich



December 20, 1944

Dear Beverlee,

Much to our surprise, we received another two hours off this morning before beginning this week's intensive training. I meant to write this particular letter sooner, but could not.

I take back what I said in one section of the letter I just sent you. The reason? I received by mail day before yesterday what I consider the best Christmas present I ever received. It was a letter from the War Relocation Authority. You may know about it by now, Beverlee, that persons of Japanese ancestry living on the mainland are now free to travel wherever they please subject only to restrictions other civilians now face. That in brief, means that the Western Defense Command has finally seen it safe enough to allow these people to return to the Pacific Coast--to California, to Berkeley, if they wish.

This was one of the principle things for which the Nisei soldiers was fighting--the complete vindication of his parents and others of Japanese ancestry on the mainland and the Hawaiian Islands. For these soldiers, one part of their battle has been won.

As yet I do not know what my parents have in mind. According to the WRA letter, all of the relocation projects will be closed by the end of next year; in any event, the evacuees will require three months notice before the center closes. School in the projects will continue through this school year. Congress has passed an act to help finance these people, who need it, to become established in the particular community in which they decide to live.

It is because our family is so widely scattered that I am not certain where my parents will decide to move. I know that my parents would like to return to Berkeley, for to them it is their home; the city in which they saw their children grow, attend school, play on its playgrounds, gave them an opportunity to live as a part of the community. In regard to this Beverlee I would like to ask for your first hand account of Berkeley & the Bay Region as it now is. It is a very difficult request since in order to answer this request you must put yourself in our place. In certain aspects almost anything may happen. It will depend to a great extent upon the actions of those who first move back to the Pacific Coast communities.

Seven of the children of our family are scattered throughout the United States & the South Pacific. At the present time, there are two sisters in Chicago, a brother at Fort Snelling, Minn, another at Camp Wheeler, Georgia, a sister at Arlington Virginia, and myself down here in Florida. There is the possibility that the parents will go to Chicago.

So it is, Beverlee, that a fond hope has come true, and at Christmas at that.

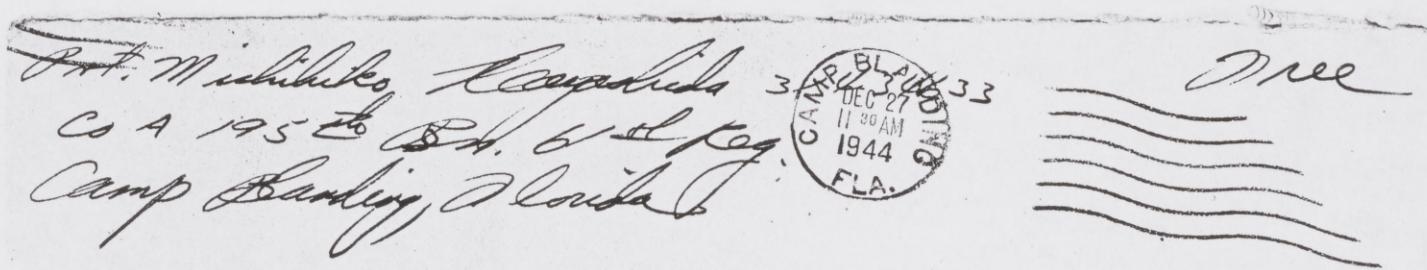
Till later,
Mich

(The following note was written in pencil.)

You will undoubtedly answer him the same regardless of any suggestions. If they return to Berkeley their housing difficulties will be increased because of prejudice & yet if they intend to go into business they couldn't live in the country. If they do go into business they will probably go broke for obvious reasons. As the war in the Pacific becomes more intense & more in the center of our attention, feeling will probably heighten against them. Everything, of course depends on the family economy, but if they could, I think it would be well to settle in a Midwestern city.

(Author of this note unknown.)

(On May 27, 2000, Beverlee Filloy looked at this note and was unable to identify the handwriting.)



Miss Beverlee Horn
3234 Dwight Way
Berkeley 4
California

December 23, 1944

Dear Beverlee,

When you finally receive this letter, some of the Christmas spirit now so ever present may have "disappeared." However, with the spirit of Christmas as never before so permeated within me, I write this letter, which may well be my last Christmas letter to you. God grant it isn't.

It is with greatly mixed emotions that I write in this Christmas season. For one thing, here I am in an Army camp to learn in a few weeks all I can about killing the enemy and to save myself at the same time from possible harm. This seems to be in direct contradiction to the principles of Christianity as taught by Christ. Yet, amidst the training which ever goes on, the Army declares Christmas as the one and only legal military holiday. The numerous chapels in this camp are to conduct services for the men of the various faiths; those of the Jewish faith have come forth to offer their services as KP's on Christmas day so that those who profess the Christian faith may therefore have the day of days free for what they wish.

Late last night as we came in from the field after an intensive & tiring day's work, we heard Christmas carols being played over loud-speaking systems. Tired as we were, we all perked up and listened to the beautiful music. The thoughts of most, if not all, turned homeward to reminisce of by-gone Christmas seasons. As I've said before, the fellows of this company are

of Hawaiian background. For most of them, it is there first Christmas season away from home and though we are supposed to be rough & tumble soldiers, we all still have an inner force which can be greatly moved. There is a lot of homesickness.

This year I have decided to do something different from other Christmases. Instead of sending material gifts & cards, I've decided, being in the position that I am, to offer a special prayer in Church for the family--my parents, brothers in the service and at home, and sisters--and friends wherever they may be and for those who have gone before me especially in the 100th Bn and the 442nd Regiment composed of Niseis and who have paid the supreme sacrifice for this America, in which they believed and in spite of the shortcomings some of which you wrote about in your epistle but I feel will ever be present as long as we have a democratic form of government, thought of America as their country, one of their most recently being John Harano. In one of my earlier letters I wrote to you about John or rather the place where he lived in Berkeley. You may recall that he was the son of the barber who had his shop about a block or two away from your apartment on the same street--Dwight Way. John was a BHS graduate with whom I was a close friend. We went to school together, the same church, same Boy Scout troop, same sports. Now he too, along with others I have known are gone. when I think of these fellows & then of the California legislature & some of the expressions--oral & written which have come out of it concerning the Nisei I wonder. Are they trying to keep ignorant of the fact that there are approximately 12,000 Nisei soldiers in the Army at the present time & that the number is ever increasing? As you've probably noticed, this is the first time I've ever become so riled up over this issue in a letter to you.

Beverlee, the way I feel now, some of the statements you made concerning the ills of our democratic form of government interest me a great deal as you probably suspected. In brief, my reply to your queries & statements is this: I admit that I know little or nothing of other forms of government and less of this form of government in which we live than I think I know; however, I make this statement which you may or may not have thought about yourself at some time or another, or, having thought of it, had it torn to pieces by another's argument. I believe in America and the things for which she stands, the form of government which serves her people. True in our democratic form of government there are many flaws to be found, but I say in spite of those flaws, I still believe it is the best form of government which any of the peoples of the world now have as a nation. You know, one of the examples of the type of nation America is I stated a few lines before in that in spite of our present training, the Army can still pause on this Christmas day and encourage the observance of the birth of Christ. I have heard ministers preach from the pulpit that America is a paganistic nation, a non-religious nation, an atheistic nation. I disagree with them strongly.

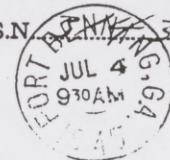
In carrying out my beliefs of America and the sacrifice which I have been called upon to make to help preserve those beliefs, I disagree with the family which approaches the problem from an equally loyal but different manner. It is their wish that I attend the Japanese language school at Fort Snelling as two of my brothers have already done and a third is about to do. I alone am different, but being different and carrying out my beliefs. Though I should have preferred to be assigned to the medical corps, the Army needed infantrymen so I was sent here to train as a combat replacement--a basic mud slogging rifleman who will take the place of one on the front lines, a casualty, immediately after my few weeks of training. I have a great deal of pride in the infantry, the dirtiest, hardest and most unglamorous branch of the Army. Probably you have heard of the referral to the Queen of Battles. The Air Corps, artillery, service corps, and other units help to make the job easier but it is the infantry which decides the battle, which determines the battlefronts on the maps.

There is so much more I would like to say, but I find that this letter must be cut short.

I hope that this letter finds you and your mother in the best of health. Best wishes to you in the coming year.

Sincerely yours,
Mich

Name, W. M. White, Jr.
12th Company
3rd Student Training Regiment
Fort Benning, Ga.



Mrs. Josie Billy
2234 Dwight Way
Berkeley 4
California



12th Company
3rd Student Training Regiment
Fort Benning, Ga.

3 July 1945 -

Dear Beverlee,

It's been quite some time already since I last wrote. Tomorrow we begin our ninth week of training. Then it will be the eleventh, twelfth and before we know it the seventeenth and graduation. A brand new shiny second lieutenant in seventeen weeks. There's a lot to think about there.

At this point I'd like to ask about Jose! Hope all's well. Is he still in Europe? Will he remain there as part of the occupational Army or is his unit being redeployed for action in the Pacific? If so it shouldn't be long before he hits the mainland again if he hasn't already.

Remember what I said so long ago while at Tanforan that even though I was going "East" I felt that someday we would cross paths again sometime, somewhere? Just now it looks as though that opportunity should present itself in another two and a half months if all goes well. Graduation day for this company is September sixth, which will be followed by a furlough to wherever we may wish to go in the mainland prior to reporting for overseas assignment.

Berkeley will be my first choice, and by golly, that's one place I'm going to see once more before I shove off for parts unknown.

From our initial strength of 215 officer candidates we now have about 175 left. Those who have dropped out of the class had impaired arms, legs, backs or what have you or were "washed-out" before the fifth week board. Of the 175, there will probably be another 50 or so "turn backs" or "wash outs." when the twelfth week board convenes. Then there will be the fourteenth and sixteenth week boards.

Naturally those of us here who are Niseis are wondering just where we would be assigned if we completed the course and graduated. The need for us in the ETO has ended--as combat platoon leaders, I mean. There is very little likelihood that we would be used as combat platoon leaders in the Pacific. The possibilities of misidentity are too great. Even now a number of the enemy are fighting us with captured US uniforms. That complicates matters a little for us doesn't it. Well what then?

Some of the officers are being sent to Fort Snelling for training as future officers in the MIITI teams composed of Niseis. These are the military intelligence, interpreters, and translators.

With redeployment coming on, some of the officers & men are being sent to one of three camps where men are being trained for the Pacific type of warfare. As part of the training, troops are used for demonstration purposes. I'd hate to be pigeon-holed in something like that, though.

(It is now 4 July 1945 - Independence Day - sounds rather hollow as yet.)

Should I pass my twelfth and fourteenth week boards, I will have the opportunity to ask to get into some special service if I so desired. Snelling looks like the best bet now.

The second of my brothers has completed his training at Fort Snelling. He's now in Kentucky for some advance work. The third is now probably with a unit in Europe. The first is still in the Pacific Area--the Philippines as we last knew. A second lieutenant I hope to be joining his rank soon. Another two months now and a fourth brother will probably be in the Army. He'll be eighteen in August. It's Juro, the one attending Cal at the present.

It seems as though my parents are set on returning to Berkeley and will as soon as they can find a place to live (Is it possible?) There are many arguments which may be used against such an action' however, Berkeley is their "home." Having lived there for so many years, all twelve of us having been born there, it's become a part of them. They wouldn't be happy elsewhere. I hope something turns up very soon. There is the additional & probably greater worry that schooling for the two remaining "kids" of the family must be continued and at a much higher level than has been at Topaz. For my kid sister I have little worry, but my kid brother presents a big problem. His schooling has for these past three years been in a relocation grammar school. I'm afraid he has picked up many bad habits. Do you think that they will be difficult to break? I'm afraid also of the prejudice these two

kids will run into at school on the Pacific Coast. Again it is they, the little kids who are suffering.

It's 12:30 now. I've got to get up at 5:30, being company charge of quarters tonight, so much as I'd like to write more I'm afraid it will have to wait.

Hope all's well with you and with your mother.

Till later,
Mich

St. Mulikiki Hayashida 0-1338230
 12th Co. 34th Svc - T15
 Ft. Benning, Georgia



One



Mrs. José' Miller
 2234 Dwight Way
 Berkeley 4, California



12th Company
 3rd Student Training Regiment
 Fort Benning, Ga.

10 September 1945

Dear Bev,

As you've probably well realized by now, Lieutenant Hayashida isn't coming to Berkeley. How I wish I could make that visit & had my hopes up high till the last moment on September fifth when we were told our new assignments. I had made so many plans as to just what I would do when I hit the ole home town. Again we'll have to pass off the visit as just one of those things we've come to expect, being in the Army.

On the morning of September sixteenth I am to report to the post adjutant at Fort McClellan, Alabama. There I will in all probability be assigned to the 34th Battalion of Japanese-Americans. Well, first it was Florida, then Georgia, & now Alabama--and I care very little for the South as far as I've seen it.

There was all the more reason for my desire to visit Berkeley for my parents have only recently relocated there from the center at Topaz, Utah. They've had a devil of a time finding housing as you well know is the experience of all who wish to move into the Bay Region. As a starter, they were (fortunate?) enough to be able to receive housing in the Cordonius Park

area wherever that may be. I understand its in Albany. My parents desire to relocate was greatly magnified by their desire to get the remaining two non-graduate high school kids of the family into decent schools. They've lost out on so much.

Again I'm here in Chicago enjoying the wonderful hospitality of my sister & brother-in-law & of the city. It's such a wonderful feeling to walk the comparatively nice clean streets (I wouldn't have said this two years ago--but then I never saw the South then) & go my way as I please. This is truly a serviceman's city. The merchantmen bend over backwards trying to please the servicemen--and it's well appreciated.

If possible I'll be seeing two plays--just which ones I'm not sure. The last one I saw was "Dear Ruth."

Tomorrow night my brother-in-law & I will attend an exhibition football game between the Chicago Bears & Washington Redskins--a very pleasant surprise for me. I never expected to see a football game so early in the season.

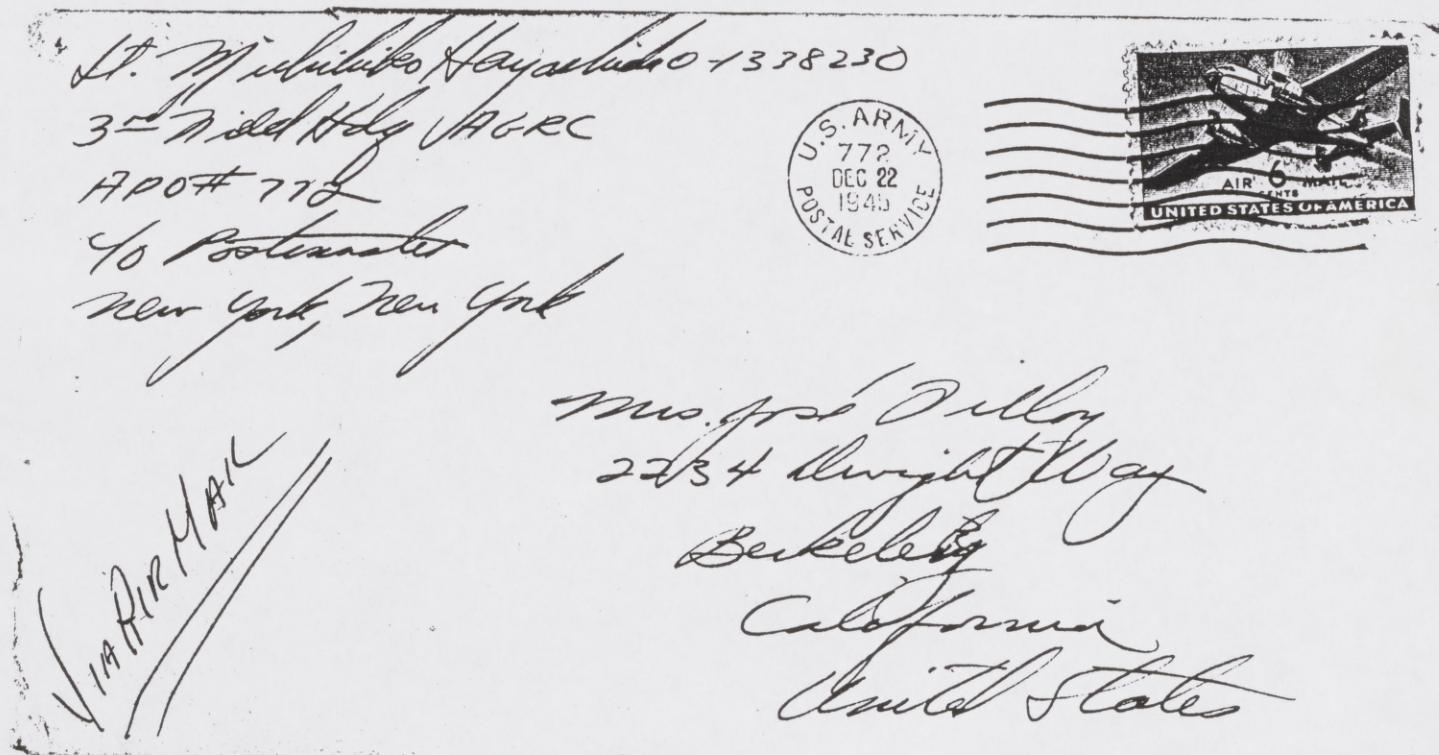
What news from & of Jose. I hope all's well with him--and that by now you've received the reply to your letter.

Please give my regards to Jackie if she's in the city by now.

As a last thought, probably the only opportunity I'll ever get of seeing Berkeley for a time to come will be if & when I go overseas in the Pacific Theater. It could equally be that I'll go to Europe. It has been generally a policy to send OCS graduates overseas after 3 months in an infantry replacement training center. Could be--maybe.

Till later then Bev,
Mich

P.S. Pahdon (the Southern accent) the stationery, if you please.



19 December 1945

Dear Beverlee,

[Sections omitted.]

From Paris this is where we came, to Marseille. I have been assigned to the Third Field Headquarters of the AGRC whose headquarters will be located just outside of Marseilles. Whether I will remain with the headquarters unit or will be sent out to the field repatriating the dead according as to the wishes of the next of kin yet remains to be seen. Uncertainty and confusion have surrounded us from the time our group left Camp Lee.

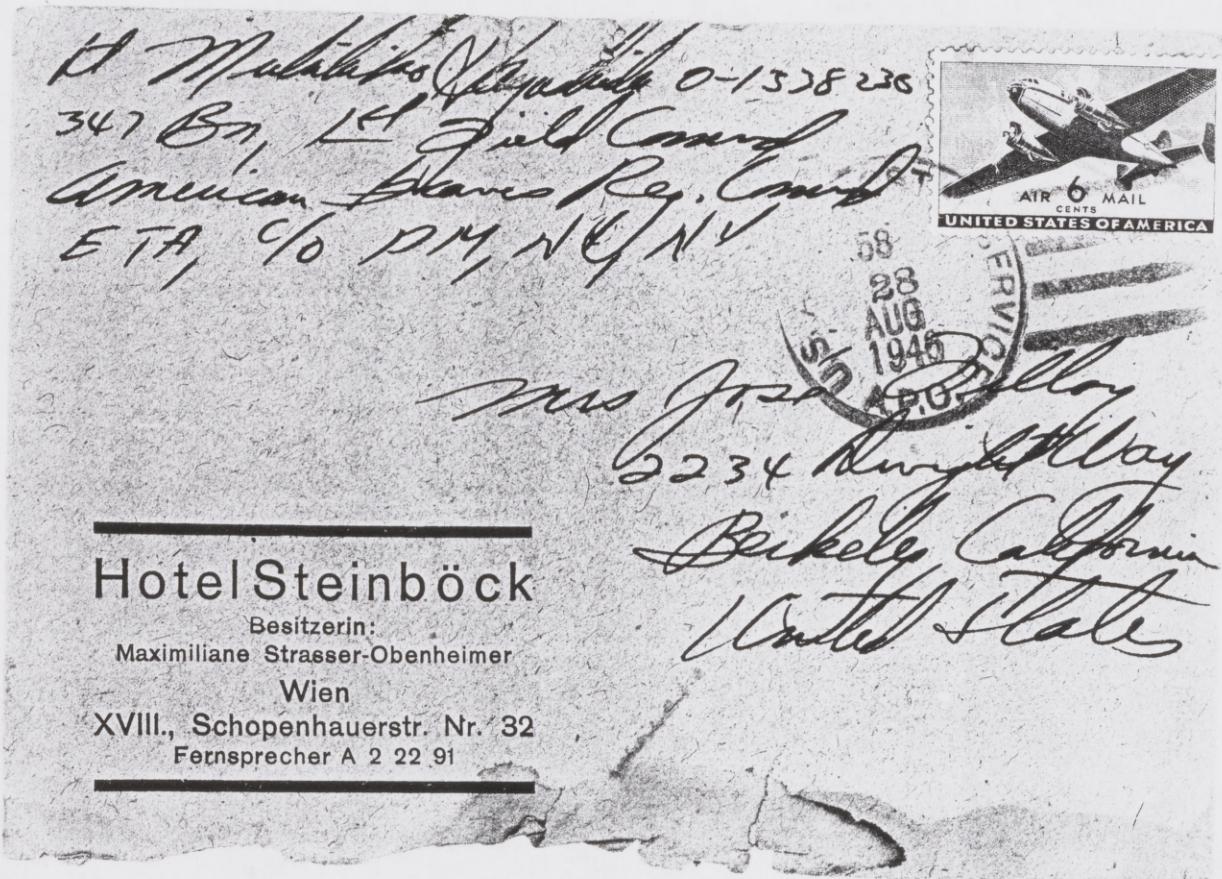
At one time I had hopes of being able to see one of my brothers who is stationed in Belgium with an MP outfit, for we were scheduled to go to a replacement depot at Namur, Belgium. But that was changed at the last minute while we were in Paris. It would have been nice to be able to spend a Christmas with at least one member of our far scattered family. It's already been four years.

Well, with my coming over here, all four of us brothers are now overseas. I hope that my eldest brother will be able to return soon. He must have 125 or more points. Being impartial, two of us are in Europe, two in the Pacific.

I've decided to send home for some of my pre-med books. It looks as though I'll have quite a bit of time to spend in the evenings. Of course there'll be shows now and then, a visit to the club, or letter writing to do, but it still looks as though I'll have quite a bit of time left. Can't think of any better way of spending it than by brushing up on some of my subjects and looking ahead to some of the subjects I would be taking when and if it is possible for me to return to school. God knows that's what I want to do, but my parents are getting along pretty well in their years. One of my elder brothers is married now and one or both of the other two will probably also marry soon after getting out of the Army. That leaves the job up to me to help my parents and four of the younger members of the family along. 've got to make good one way or another.

Hope all gois well with you and Jose and your mother. Best wishes & sincerest regards to all during this holiday season and the year 1946.

Till later,
Mich



Vienna, Austria
25 August 1946

Dear Beverlee,

This is going to be my last letter from Vienna. I'm leaving tomorrow on the train for Bremerhaven to be redeployed to the States. Though I had originally elected to stay on here a little while longer, with the recent turn of events, I've decided to return.

Till two days ago, I was as you know in the Russian Occupied Zone of Austria. All had commenced to work out very well, when one day a Russian officer was sent out to the unit to see how we were going about our work. Three days after he arrived there, we received the order from the Russian Garrison Commander to leave Wiener Neustadt by noon of last Thursday. We left, all right and with what practically amounted to an airplane escort. The reasons for the move on the part of the Russian Commander are many and varied, but it can be laid to politics primarily. And so in a way the bunglings of some

of our political leaders is affecting the dead even. Of course it's not all our fault. The mistrust between the nations is mutual. It is significant to note that the graves registration detachment in Germany is still operating effectively, however, so far as I know. But there, a field grade officer must accompany the various operating teams. But more of this later, when I get back to Berkeley.

I'm wondering how the old place will be like. Haven't seen it for over five years now. I'm sure there are a lot of changes. My present plans call for a little relaxation for a while during which time I would like to meet some of my old friends, getting acquainted with the family again, doing a little fishing, hiking in the hills behind the Campus, and just plain sitting around for a few days. Then it's back to school for me, and how I'm itching to get back. I'm quite positive that I will return to Boston University. I hope to be able to get back in by the spring semester. Will probably take a couple of biology courses, a psych and some other course. Take it a little easy the first semester back in school. Then in the summer, I'm planning to take a couple of refresher courses--in chem and analytical geometry and possibly German.

Well, I've got to finish packing all my paraphernalia. Next time I unpack it'll be in Berkeley, California!

Till I see you and Jose,
Mich